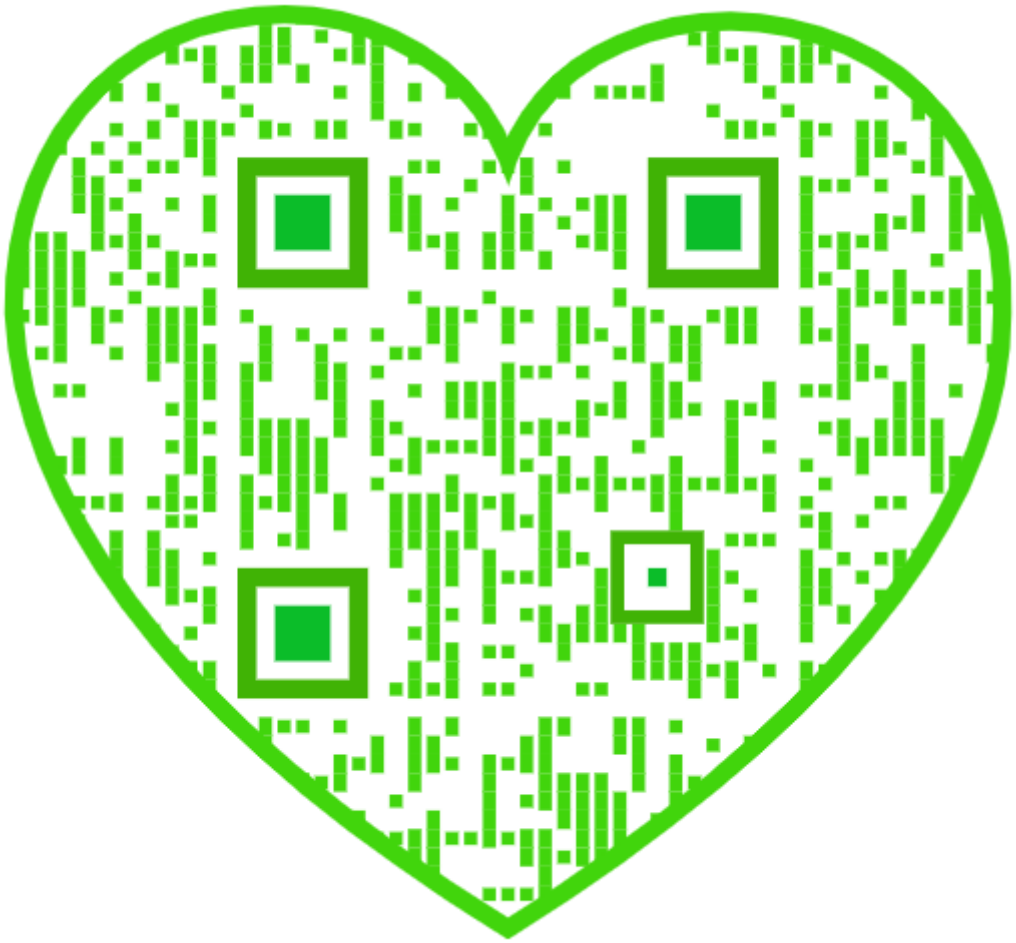

THE
RELIGION OF BEAUTY

Some of the Other Books by Dr. Bell:

Words of the Wood (*Poems*)
(*Small, Maynard & Co., Boston*)

The Worth of Words

The Changing Values of English Speech
(*Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, New York*)

THE RELIGION OF BEAUTY AND THE IMPERSONAL ESTATE

[in Prose and Verse]

By

RALCY HUSTED BELL

O Reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle Reader! you would find
A tale in everything.

—*Wordsworth.*

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CONTENTS

	Page
Dedication	vii
Dedicatory Note	i
Preface	9
Credo	13
The Impersonal Estate	21
Sky and Stars	27
Memories Under the Moon	45
Sun-Worship	53
The City	71
The Old Priest	97
Life in Death	107
Books	119
The Open	131
Children	161
The Last Will and Testament of Charles Lounsbury	173
Dogs	179
The Sea	193
Pictures	203
Friendship and Beauty	217
"The Simple Life"	233
Real Wealth	245

To
JARED FLAGG

DEDICATORY NOTE

NOTE

ON THE DEDICATING OF BOOKS AS A CUSTOM

SOME one ought to write a history of the *dedication* of books. Such a history would interest and enlighten a great many persons on a subject so commonplace that nearly everybody takes it for granted that he knows all about it; whereas few have given it any serious thought whatever.

To understand the origin and growth of the dedication, its spirit should be studied as far back, at least, as the time of Augustus. That would be a golden point to start from—looking in either direction. In all the patronage of letters four names of that period are always

associated in our minds: Augustus, the emperor; Mæcenas, the exquisite Tuscan; Virgil and Horace, the poets. Literary patronage blossomed into its fullest flower during that golden era. It would be interesting to follow its modified influences down through the monkish middle ages; and beginning with the earliest form of the dedication, it would not be difficult to trace its variations down to the present day. But more instructive and vastly more difficult would it be to discover all the hidden conditions which led up to this wide-spread custom and to lay bare the factors of its psychology.

Nothing has a right to be in a book that does not serve the purpose of the book—that is not in harmony with its unity and spirit. The dedication always had a purpose, but its purpose is not the same today that it was in the genesis of the book in its present form. In England, not so very long ago, a dedication

was a more or less graceful plea for patronage when high station had the power to aid and "exalt" writers. At that time a dedication was virtually an advertisement of caste. As writers were mostly "poor scribes," or the sons of *scribes*, they were happy to be patronized by their superiors. This was a period of fulsome flattery; yet there were authors who escaped the miserable tendency of their day without reproach, even when measured by the democratic standards of the present.

The dedication has had its ups and downs in the literary world. In the vulgar world its influence has been more uniform and its impression even more slight. To the mind of the average reader the dedication is an extraneous trimming in the nature of a personal compliment. Among the majority of authors it gradually assumed this nature until it was accepted by them merely as

a pleasing opportunity to acknowledge a personal friendship or to extol a public character in the fossil words of type—a compliment less ephemeral, it is hoped, than one couched in the fluid medium of oral language.

Eventually among intelligent writers and reputable authors a dedication came to mean something more: it now requires the element of taste—of fitness; it has entered into the spirit and it must be an integral part of the book. There is also an ethical principle involved outside the bounds of the purely personal in friendship, and one which may not be wholly satisfied by the distinction of a public character. To cite extremes: It would be absurd to dedicate a work on abstruse mathematics to an ignorant cannibal king, however close the relations between dedicator and dedicatee, or however great the former's admiration for the latter as a public man. It would be equally gro-

tesque to dedicate a book on *The Souls of Animals* to a butcher, or one on *The Beauties of Self-abnegation* to a tyrant.

Bearing all this well in mind, *The Religion of Beauty* is dedicated with assurance to a man who has the soul of an artist and the genius of a Napoleon; a man whose life-story* reads like the tale of some chivalrous knight of the yester-years.

A man whose philosophy remained sweet through adversity—a man whose poise was serene as oak and rock through tumult and ruin—a man whose disposition was cheerful through darkness and doubt—whose trust in his kind was unshaken by persecution, and whose love for his fellows was not shrunken by slander and contumely—a man whose soul in the cordial climate of friendship is like vine and flower, but whose charac-

* See *Flagg's Flats*, which can be secured through Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, New York.

ter in storm and stress can stand alone "four square to every wind that blows"—a character that was strong enough to win success at last as brilliant as the best—such a man appeals to me in a sense that is saintly when judged by The Religion of Beauty—and of such is my friend Jared Flagg.

R. H. B.

PREFACE

PREFACE

DURING the Golden Age of France the Philosophers found fault, I shall not say how justly, with the times. In this Iron Age there are those who see only good, I shall not say how wisely.

The good and bad, in truth, may be found everywhere and at all times; but The Impersonal Estate has only to do with the good—that is to say, with the beautiful. Many a valiant knight of the weeping pen will not let us forget how bad we are. The malcontents may be depended upon to guard us from a dearth of protests. The grumblers will never let humanity forget how to growl; and the reformers will see to it that there is always something to reform.

For once, let us concern ourselves with some of those priceless things which

belong to every man alike and are therefore of his *impersonal* estate. Another step takes us to those innumerable blessings common to the great "middle classes," so called—the caryatids of Civilization as it now stands upon earth.

Finally, the golden threads of contentment, of joy in things that are—the pictures that surround us, the ecstasy of life within us and all about us, the everyday poetry and gladsomeness of earth, the beauty everywhere—will unify the whole with sweetness, simplicity and peace—a kind of *Religion*—that shall be good for the soul and refreshing to the body.

"O brother, the gods were good to you,
Sleep, and be glad while the world endures.
Be well content as the years wear through;
Give thanks for life, and the loves and lures;
Give thanks for life, O brother, and death,
For the sweet last sound of her feet, her breath,
For sights she gave you, gracious and few,
Tears and kisses, that lady of yours."

R. H. B.

CREDO

THE SYMPHONY OF LIFE

I know not how it is with you—
  I love the first and last,
The whole field of the present view,
  The whole flow of the past.

One tittle of the things that are,
  Nor you should change nor I—
One pebble in our path—one star
  In all our heaven of sky.

Our lives and every day and hour,
  One symphony appear;
One road, one garden—every flower
  And every bramble dear.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

CREDO

ALL forms of matter are different phases of consciousness. How else shall we explain a crystal, a flower or a star? Phases of consciousness under the set spell of habit. There is no other real explanation: Existence, the symbol of consciousness, and consciousness sublimated existence!

I am. Until that statement is analysed it seems to be concrete. It conveys a definite idea—the idea is *being.* The addition of a name makes it no more concrete. *I am.* Measure this with *I am what,* or *What am I?* Through the various stages of reasoning based on all we know and on our best guesses—on all we can postulate when aided by the latest ionic theory—we come back to the

starting-point: the great fact of *consciousness.*

The mind is conscious of itself, we say. Is it? What is *self?* Is it more than synthetic imagery; has it any element foreign to its environment? The mind is conscious of a tree. What is a *tree?* Resolve it into its minerals, its fluids, its gases, its cells and its physical bases and chemical reactions. You have gone but a little way. The one fact which confronts all thought at last is consciousness, of which a tree is a peculiar condition shaped by its own peculiar habit.

In our ignorance, or eagerness to be wise, we once divided the univesre into the *material* and the *spiritual.* But dividing-lines have vanished. To facilitate the processes of conception we still speak of *matter.* But as we progress steadily through the epochs of thought—through the ages of mind—we find more and more how great is the mutability of

matter. Step by step it passes from one form into another. Seventy-odd elements are shrinking into one, and the *one* bears blossoms into the thousands. There are perfumes, shapes, colors, sounds, magnitudes, qualities, rhythmic durations or cycles, relations, combinations, syntheses—*conceptions*.

Positive and negative unknowns seem to dominate motions; all forms of motion, we think, are born of energy, and from the two—energy and motion—arise the phenomena of chemistry and physics and mechanics; and greater than all is consciousness, the beginning and the end—and neither the beginning nor the end.

A piece of porcelain rests over there; a bit of fashioned marble stands on a pedestal. What are they—inert matter? That is no answer. They may just as well be called chunks of consciousness. Ah! but you say, without the subjective

mind to comprehend them they could not be in the objective world. Wrong again. They would exist just the same, in whatever condition, as formed or formless consciousness. They can be nothing else. He who thinks that consciousness resides alone in nerve-substance has not learned the alphabet of being.

There is no mystery save consciousness; and consciousness is a divine revelation that is self-explanatory. Gravity is consciousness at work. Ether is the mentality of the universe. Wisdom is only synthetic law. Divine revelation is in *self*—self is the symbol of environment, or of consciousness. A flower, a tree, a song, a star: these are the words of God translated into Beauty. All emotions, all subtle forces and stubborn facts, all struggles, aspirations, dreams and hopes—these are our books. Love itself, reasonably considered, may be only some divine aspiration to perpetuate the beauties of a

particular form of consciousness. Universal consciousness is God.

Any one of the great theories of cosmos and its workings may be in large measure correct, and all may be wrong. All that is may be matter; and matter may be only different forms of energy; and energy may be all spiritual. We do not know, and we are under no obligation to believe. But if we may assume the hypothesis that matter, so-called, is only a form of energy, we may also assume it to be a form of consciousness.

Nevertheless we must live and act as though matter were real. We must conduct our lives according to the seeming realities. We must try to govern ourselves as though moral or spiritual laws were blocks of granite or bridges of stone or cords of tenacious steel—and better still, as though they were all sensitive hearts which bleed when hurt. For if our teeming world should be found

to bear no closer relation to the mentality and consciousness of the universe than a blood-corpuscle, or a skin-cell of the heel, to the brain and consciousness of man, we must yet conduct our affairs as though they were of personal concern to every sentient thing in all the world. And whatever our faith or doubt, it is well that we should yet live and act and think and speak as though we were the children of a loving God whose dreams are infinite Beauty.

R. H. B.

THE IMPERSONAL ESTATE

THE IMPERSONAL ESTATE

I MAKE it a part of my business every day to inspect my *impersonal* estate—it makes no matter where I chance to be, nor in what condition I find myself. By far the greater part of my belongings is always within my reach. That which is of real value to me cannot be separated from me. That which I prize most is most secure. I cannot lose it while I exist. I hold as most important, therefore, my soul—that is to say, my *consciousness*, and the thoughts born of it as Venus from the foam. What is mine belongs also to everyone. Consciousness is universal. My feelings are not peculiar to myself. What I think has been thought millions of times before,

and will be thought millions upon millions of times again.

I note with joy that the more impersonal a thing is the more *real* it is. It cannot be taken from me; I cannot deprive myself of it so long as that mysterious symbol—the ?—dances before my eyes. My Soul inherited a kingdom by divine right. This inheritance places me beyond want and above harm.

Around about us everywhere and beyond, lies *infinity;* that is to say, just a little more than we can comprehend. I reach out and possess parts of it. What is accessible belongs to the *impersonal estate.* There are five major, and several minor, paths through which I may approach and penetrate my environment. These five are called the special senses. I realize that these paths, by accident or through neglect, may become choked and useless. Insofar as I neglect them my estate diminishes. I know how important

it is therefore to keep my paths clean and well-trodden. I know too that despite good intent and vigilance, one or more of these paths may become blind and worthless. The fortuitousness of Fate closes some; the encroachments of age, the weeds of ignorance, the ravages of folly, and the frailties of the flesh, in time, dim all. For that reason my delight is measureless in the certain knowledge that notwithstanding the worst that Chance or Fate may do to me, the most precious part of my estate is secure—for my thoughts are yet mine—my Soul has not departed from me.

SOUL-VISIONS

Olld fences seen 'mid weeds and grass—
Old roads where endless shadows pass—
Od houses gray through vanished years,
And dim old eyes that swim in tears:
These olden visions speak to me
Through dreams wherein my Soul-eyes see.

Impersonal Estate

Old faces wrinkled o'er by time—
Bent backs, and heads bowed down with rime—
The hearts that beat for other days;
And trembling limbs on weary ways:
  These human memories are to me
  The fondest that my Soul-eyes see.

Old orchards—gnarled limbs bent and low—
Old paths that wind where waters flow—
Old Inns that only harbor ghosts
Of fireside tales, and merry hosts:
  These yester-things return to me
  Through mists wherein my Soul-eyes see.

Old songs that once delighted those
Whose heads now rest where myrtle grows—
Old wines well-housed in oaken staves
By hands long crossed in sunken graves:
  These merry wights of chastened glee
  Revive the wraiths my Soul-eyes see.

Old friends grown dearer through the years,
And closer drawn by grief and tears—
Old friends and dreams of other days,
And phantom joys through purpling haze:
  These golden things draw near to me
  As Memory scans the Backward Sea.

SKY AND STARS

FATE

Thou art a cunning tide that sneaks and crawls
  From out the hungry horror of the night;
  Or like a maddened fury in thy might,
Tormented by the moon and sharp sea-squalls.

Within thy depths a black heart laughs at woe,
  And mocks with glee thy victim's gasping
    breath
  Ere mangled life and hope are one in death,
Or drowned ambition lies a corpse below.

I see thy shadowy fingers crook and reach:
  I hear thee screech where scattered waifs are
    cast
  Along the shore of days now overpast—
Along gray reefs and on the pounding beach.

I know thy subtle ways of hidden snares
  That lure the Soul some pleasant path to take,
  And where thy thousand seemly whispers make
Ten thousand dangers worse for him who fares.

But my defiant Soul hath scorn for thee—
  If grief shall break my heart, I answer yet:
  I have a heart to break—and can forget
The stones that bruise; the hunger pressing me.

I have the will to look between thine eyes.
If thou art Master, I at least can be
As fearless as the spirit blessing me
With conscious trust in all things 'neath the skies.

Erect my Soul shall stand forefronting thee:
Exulting strength that dares thy sternest might—
All unafraid to face the blackest night
That e'er was filled with threats on land or sea.

If Fortune fail me—let her go and stay!
My Soul from all that is, came forth entire—
To all that is, with calm faith can retire
Enrobed for rest, or armored for the fray.

So, if my Soul shall journey on and grow
More perfect, then have I no cause to fear;
And if it fades, dissolves like dead leaves sere
Then thou canst never harm it—that I know.

SKY AND STARS

I LOOK at the sky. He who keeps his eyes upon the earth is a worm—he is a prisoner; but he who looks upward to the sky puts wings upon his Soul—he is free.

How broad and blue and deep the sky is! Look at it now! Do not trouble yourself at what makes it blue. The learned students in science have done that for you. Look at it; give it no furtive glance! You can hide nothing from the sky—nor should you. It has looked on all the doings, all devious ways of man since the immemorial dews kissed earth's first flowers. It is too late now to shock the heavens with your conduct, whatever it may be. Then look upon the sky long and long. Look at it frankly, if your

heart be pure. Look at it impudently, if you must; but look upon it daily. The days are brief enough and few enough at best. Tell your soul what you see in the sky. You see something more there than one color, surely. Do you not see the airy spaces made wondrous wide and free? I think so! you see everything and nothing. You see in apparent emptiness something or rather somewhat that man for ages has called God. You catch a glimpse of Infinity. Your soul thrills with *freedom*. Your being is stirred with awe. You are filled with wonder. Hope rises within you. The heart quickens. Space, *space*, you say? Not at all! space only in the abstract—a mere figure of speech. Space only in which to spread fancy's wings—infinite opportunity for dreams! for the rest, space is populous: filled with myriads of tints, hues, tones and strong, pure colors—filled to a nicety with relations existing between the sides

of every figure and of all different figures known to Geometry—and an infinite number unknown. What are these beautiful relationships between lines and between figures everywhere filling space? Have they structure in that which is structureless? Were they created in that which has neither beginning nor end? Do they not tell us that beyond the mysteries of life, of creation and evolution, there are other mysteries dimmer still? Look at the sky! these marvellous relations with which all space is filled overwhelm the soul; a shudder passes over the nerves as a cloud-shadow crosses a field of waving grain. Look! Do you not see all the moods of the soul aërially expressed within the awful hollow of the sky?

Now all is gray except along the horizon where a lean rim of silver lies beside a deep bank of despair. Again, there are a thousand fairy clouds; each is heavy with

meaning—withal, lighter than the thistle's down. They are not clouds, merely. They are symphonies rich with beauty, intense with expression. See the shadows fall away from the lights. The shadows are poems singing of coolness; maybe they are pools of peace; perhaps they harbor forgotten things and drown the echoes of falling tears. To me they seem like receptacles of woe, or chalices filled full of the wine of tone.

Look again at the clouds! Strong light leaps from crest to crest. Ah, the sprightliness of motion! the spirit of the dance and something akin to music are there. See how the delicate colors fall into one anothers' arms all over cloudland and finally blend into the Nirvana of delight. Look! the storm-cloud scowls; fierce lightning leaps—hoarse thunder drowns the world.

Before books came into being, man read passages from the clouds. Since the

advent of books these passages have grown dim, but they have not changed, and he who will may read them yet. Look! to the eastward there are mists. Maybe they are the tears of all the dead, or they may be the shadow of gray grief; but they shall not dampen the wings of my hope.

Now all the West is gold. This is estate enough to make the poorest mortal richer than the richest king. This spontaneous splendor came not from the toil of man, from the tears of mothers, from the blood of babes. There is no padlock on this gold. Its possession breeds not arrogance, but meekness—not avarice, but generosity—not pride, but humility—not cruelty, but humanity. It is the only gold which inspires no greed within the heart of man—the only gold which does not crook the fingers itching to filch. See how softly the subdued purples fall from the sky. They blend with the

transparent gold of the West. These are the Soul's robes. It seems to me that if I were deprived of all pleasure except that which comes to me from the sky, I should yet envy no man his happy lot.

Think of the sky at night! When I look at it I do not wonder at the birth of Religion in the Soul's mansion. There are the dear Stars. Stars always filled my heart with love. I remember that as a little child, sitting in a grassy place, I looked at the stars and wept. I did not know the real cause of my tears then—nor have I learned it since. I simply *felt*, and my tears came just as naturally as the dews came at twilight. That is all I need to know. The learned men know the causes of these things and tell us of them in a language quite cold and alien to the heart. I do not say that I am sorry to know *why* a thing is beautiful; but some times I wish that our hard knowl-

edge cost less to the tenderness and subtlety of the heart.

I look at the stars every night when the shimmering curtain of day is drawn aside. Just one star alone could fill me with joy for ten lifetimes. As it is, I am overwhelmed with stellar riches: star after star into the thousands! What do I see in the Stars? Always vastly more than *merely* stars. To me they are the gods of night. I look on them and they tell me all the experiences of that Immortal which we call *Life*. They abound in symbolic lore. They furnish me with any kind of world that my fancy wants. They people my world with fairy visions of delight. I see enchanted landscapes which blossomed when the old earth was still a wart on the back of a dead sun. I see wondrous folk, more soulful than human beings, who lived and loved when our sun and earth were fiery mist. I see all the myriad tribes that Love ever yet

has endowed with life. I see the whole gamut of change made pregnant by mystical forces eternal, omnipresent and impartial.

Stars give perspective to the soul. They spell *mystery* all over the heavens. They run into mystical poems. They form themselves into symbolic designs. They have spelled GOD to man since his wondering eyes first looked upon them. They made music to imagination in its infancy. They are merry to young love. They dance in the eyes of youth. They are serene in the eyes of age. They spell *Peace* to the old mother wrapped in her last grief. They spell *Ambition* to the young man aflush with life; and *Resurrection* and *Reunion* to the young mother kneeling at the grave of her first babe. The widow fixes her eyes upon them at midnight, whereat, with infinite magic, they arrange themselves into the letters of *Hope*. The orphan looks at them—

reaches forth his arms, and cries: *Mother!*

No one need be poor on earth so long as one star is bright in the sky. This *impersonal* estate of the heavens cannot be taken from me—for I have looked upon it and made it mine. It is now inseparable from my Soul. Light may fade from my eyes—the spirit of the stars shall yet dwell within me. Happy the mortal who even once and *once* only has looked upon the stars! Shall the light that has journeyed for countless ages to kiss my brain, at last make no impression upon it? Should I lack this divine courtesy? No, for my brain unfolds as a flower beneath the flowing light of stars. Pretty pictures are woven out of star-beams for my delectation. Stars perform miracles frankly for me before my eyes, until, in imagination I see a living world that died millions of ages ago. During all that time its light, filled

with infinite activities of life, has been travelling toward me. In the clear vision of my Soul I see the thronging world as my eye might see a mirage. I see that, after all, there is no history—it is all living, and all present. If my spiritual vision recedes from earth evenly with the velocity of light, then every act is changeless—fixed and eternal over the whole world. If the pace of my vision quickens, then acts undo themselves. The arrow shot from the bow returns to the string—goes back to the quiver. Time rolls itself up as a scroll. If my vision lags behind the speed of light, lo! all the machinery of time is set into motion again.

A question hovers in the light of stars: the old, old question of immortality, unanswered today as it was to the wandering shepherds on the hills off Galilee.

I glance at a star and my thought has crossed chasms measureless to man. Is there no miracle in this—no diversion?

The wonderful men explain it all. They tell us in their dry and measured words that "To speak of the mode in which we perceive co-existing phenomena as an abyss of appalling depth is perhaps meaningless phraseology;" and I confess it is. Perhaps everything exists merely in our *mode* of perception. I admit, from lack of knowledge to the contrary, that "The farthest star and the page of this book are both for us merely groups of sense-impressions, and the space which separates them is not in them, but is our mode of perceiving them." And to me this only deepens the mystery. I know that Science has her own eyes and I know that the Soul has hers. Happy the man who sees through both; for thus does he enlarge his estate with riches inexhaustible—with infinite treasures. And thus will his estate always and forever reveal new deposits of golden fact—new mines of dreams—new fields of specula-

tion—new gems, countless as they are resplendent. Besides, he will find his environment bathed in the atmosphere of fancy which enhances its beauty.

No one should be wanting of jewels while the stars last. The heavens are full of gems of which not one is imperfect; all are "first water" and without price.

Go to a quiet pool at night. How can one small pool hold so many jewels? There they lie at your feet. They are yours to possess. They supply every function of a jewel that gleams upon my lady's hand. How shall one *possess* a gem in hand more fully than one in the distant heavens, or in a pool at one's feet? In truth, we possess one no more than the other, but just as much. Is this the loose statement of a dreamer? Question yourself about it. What is it that makes a gem a *gem?* Is it because you wear some bit of chiseled beauty upon your finger? What constitutes possession; is it because

you hold something in your hand? Almost any woman can answer the question. At best this is only an early legal right of possession. Is it because your *flesh* may touch it for a little while? We all know better. Is it because it chances to be near unto you? No, for the beauty of a star touches you quite as readily through the brain. To the soul there is no *far* and no *near;* but if there be *far* and *near*, behold the snow on a starry night! then you will find any number of jewels near enough for you and for anybody. Behold the frost-laden trees! Did you ever see in art such encrusted beauty? Did you ever see enamel so delicate and perfect as ice on the limbs of a tree? Where else can you find such impeccable tracery? Are these jewels too ephemeral? How lasting is the coronet, pray? How long may you gaze at the tiara on the *grande* dame's brow as she sits in her opera box? Are her jewels always in view? How

long do they lie each year in the dark strong box of the sunless vault? Personally, I could be forever content, ecstatic indeed, with the jewels of the sky, and lake, and frost and snow. I like them especially because they belong to me and belong as well to all my kind. I could be happy forever with the Stars.

MEMORIES UNDER THE MOON

MEMORIES UNDER THE MOON

THE Stars are only a small part of my impersonal estate. There is the Moon regnant in song and story—the Moon whose light seems come for lovers:

> "White rose of the rose-white water,
> A silver splendor, a flame
> Bent down unto us that besought her,
> And earth grew sweet with her name."

All the poets have told of the Moon's magic and of the witchery of her ways; and yet the tale is only begun. It will never be finished. The loneliest lane, grass-grown and leafy-edged, peopled for an hour with two lovers, holds more lore under the Moon's soft light than all the poets ever yet have dreamed. Behold her among the clouds! Behold separated

lovers mingling and focusing their glances on the Moon's calm face! Listen to their words—to their hearts vibrant and tense with emotion. There is *literature* for you! The best books are mean imitations by comparison.

I know the Moon very well. Long have I sat in her shadows—long in silence, the shadow of speech—with my love beside me in the peace of measureless content. My love and I have walked together among the dunes at moonlight, in the breath of the sounding sea; and among wild hills rugged and steep where amber spume was blown at our feet from the sea's panting lips. With clasped hands we have walked in deserted gardens flooded with the Moon's mellow light. We have lingered in her fairy shadows on the green marges of fields of corn. We have floated on the polished waters of inland lakes kissed by the dancing beams of the Moon's smiles.

We have felt the approbation of her soft light. We have awaited her rising above the dim land's rim, and watched her settle behind the far seas. We have looked on her changing face night after night through the greater part of one whole long year when "Life (was) sweet as perfume and pure as prayer."

The Moon alone—only the Moon—could make me happy all the rest of my days. She seems so like a friend. She has been my confidante so many times. She has lighted so often the face of my dear love. The beams of the Moon have mingled too many times with the sweet whispers of my love for me to grow indifferent to the charms of moonlight.

The man who knows not the joys of moonlight has not lived. He is still a grub in the dark cocoon. He who has not dreamed with the poet at moonlight has lived in a dungeon.

I remember once sitting with a poet on

Hudson's bank. We sat in silence and in moonlight. We smoked our cigars in the silence of a dream. All the landscape was soft, and as sweet and pure as the smile lately upon his lips. All the landscape was as beautiful as his soul. About us was a realm richer than Prester John's, and peopled with the fair folk of the poet's brain. The nymphs of his imagination were everwyhere among the leaves. Near us the hollyhocks leaned—the flowers he loved; the fir-trees stood in the distance; the grassy slopes sparkled dimly; the shadows under the maple trees seemed to harbor the soul of Peace; the climbing vine was alive with love. Over all was the light of the Moon; it bathed the world in a happy trance—the good dream-gift to man.

Never since have I seen the Moon kiss Hudson's shores that I did not think of that evening with the poet. It has enriched my life; it lives in my dreams;

it lingers in my heart, filling it so full that my tears wet the poet's ashes and my warm blood would put life into them once more.

Yes, this poet shall ever live in my memory as one who was merciful, magnificient and wise; as one whose brain was a garden where poppies grew which shed holy dreams of tenderness and beauty, of music and mated mirth, of perfume and color; as a poet who created a world wherein the siren Sisters dwelt whose sole purpose was to kiss poor human dust, and by the magic of their power to enchant wild human beasts into gods and goddesses of love. I shall always think of him as a poet who gave to us in the melody of words the mimic ghosts which haunt the air wherever music dwells; as a man whose hospitality was boundless as heaven's blue which matched and tallied color with his laughing eyes.

Robert G. Ingersoll, the poet, one

moonlight night, on Hudson's bank left unto my Soul a legacy. And therefore my impersonal estate grows richer with the passing years, and my heart waxes kindlier with gratitude, and my happiness becomes keener, and my horizon wider. The Evening Star and the Moon are heavier with meaning to me as the days come and go.

SUN-WORSHIP

SUN-WORSHIP

O Sun! thou art so gracious when thou wilt—
  So tender with thy smiles to darling flowers—
So Hertha-like with all thy colors spilt
Upon our world as of some gorgeous quilt
  The sheen whereof is from thy shaken hours.

O golden Sun! I see thee kiss away
  The tears of earth that tremble in the eye,
Or gleam amid the grass at dawn of day;
I hear thy laughter in the leaves at play
  Above the sod where tinted shadows lie.

I see thee weave thy thousand-fold disguise
  Of colors shot through fields of waving grain;
And see thee turn the cup where honey lies,
Yet spill no drop that tempts the butterflies
  To perilious flight across the shimmering plain.

O Lord of Light and Consummate Design!
  I do not ask whence came thy ferny lace,
Thy woven garlands spiral-wrought that twine
Old trees with ivy leaf and columbine
  Beneath the luring magic of thy face.

Sun-Worship

I only look in wonder on thy ways,
  Content to see thy flames from waters break;
Rejoice in all thy traceries, and praise
Thy golden alchemy of dreamy days
  And nights diaphanous, sleeping or awake.

I love thy crystal days and fluid nights;
  And crave thy gold which tips the wing of bee,
Or paints the dark pool red with frowning lights.
I love thy winds when stirred to mad delights
  That start wide rivers flowing through the sea.

I praise thy works and sing thee happy songs,
  And hail thy banners streaming in the sky.
I question not if heaven to thee belongs,
Nor ask if thou hast ordered cruel wrongs
  To curse on desert those who thirst and die.

Nor know I why thy flowers bloom on cheeks,
  Nor why red cheeks may blush in drooping flowers.
I only know that perfume floats and reeks
From petaled cloisters where the insect sneaks,
  And drowsing folds his wings from summer showers.

Sun-Worship

I AM a Sun-worshiper. The Sun is beautiful and the giver of beauty. I acknowledge him as my most benevolent suzerain. Without his generosity, how could I subsist on my impersonal estate?

To overflow with joy, my heart needs only the Sun. It is difficult to conceive of unhappiness on earth when the Sun is beholden in the sky. Sometimes I think he is a god; again he appears to me more like a slave; and anon, like a rollicking spendthrift. His largesses cannot be numbered; his radio-activity cannot be computed; his patient drudgery surpasses conception. He is unselfishness personified. He stores up in the earth all manner of energy, some of which the ingenuity of man lets loose at will. He fills the coal-bins of the world with comfort. He lifts the waters on high to run the machinery of civilization. He covers the earth

with greenery, and he dresses it with color. He rears columns of classic grace in the woodland, and to entwine them he uplifts lovers' ladders of clinging vines. He covers decay with a woven lacework of life. He scatters blue-eyed profusion in the fields. He hides hard stones under soft moss; and overspreads meadows with velvet. He bestows a consummate touch to the lily's cheek. He paints the flowers and fashions the ferns; erects towers and invents symmetry. He first taught man to build the perfect arch when Cupid's bow of Beauty was thrown across the sky.

"First the flaming red
Sprang vivid forth; the tawny orange next,
And next delicious yellow; by whose side
Fell the kind beams of all refreshing green.
Then the pure blue that swells the autumnal skies,
Ethereal played; and then of sadder hue
Emerged the deeper indigo (as when
The heavy skirted evening droops with frost),
While the last gleamings of refracted light
Died in the fainting violet away"

I feel the Sun's engines beating within my heart. I am amazed at his human servitude; I am overwhelmed with his divine munificence; I am quite overcome with his glory. He gives me the power to see the faces of those I love. He lends the mother strength to rock the cradle of her babe. He turns all the watercourses loose upon the fields and amongst the hills. He made the grass, and uses it in a sort of legerdemain: A cow eats grass, and lo! the green stuff turns to milk, horn and hide. A goose eats grass, and the green carpet of a field turns forthwith to feathers and eggs. A hungry poet comes along, drinks the milk, eats the eggs, and shortly they turn into songs. Now, here are miracles enough for the curious, and here is thoughtful occupation for the wise.

The Sun is a level-headed patriarch to guide his family as well as he does through the stellar wilds. He is the only father

I have ever known who was strong enough to keep his giddy children forever within the sphere of his influence. He lavishes his warm affections upon them. He gives them gold without stint, and purple robes, and soft white garments and many more beautiful things than any family really needs. He is giving his children all the benefits of foreign travel, for he is taking them on a journey the beginning and end of which no Man knows. He teaches them all his wisdom. He unfolds to them his heavenly attributes which man for many ages has symbolized with disk or wheel; and his children pay him the obedience of attraction, an homage which he well deserves. I too pay him similar homage and the compliment of impersonal prayer which he answers, and of impersonal gratitude which is sincere. I thank him for the day—for dawn and dusk. I thank him particularly for sending the dawn—the

silver-gray fringe to the eastward of night,

"Where between sleep and life some brief space is."

The dawn awakens in my heart deep reverence. From its mystic depths I draw forth courage. The dawn enchants me. In its cool tones I read pleasing prophecies of the day. I watch it until the East bursts into fiery gold—until the dust of yellow amber and red gold fills all the East; until all the mellow landscape laughs low for the Sun's sake; and until along the valley rising toward the hills is a long bank of subtle smoke, fine as the "fume of flowers." I am then content, having gold enough for the day. My greed is satisfied at sunrise. Thus I am enabled to pursue other vocations, and to indulge myself in many joyous avocations other than the hoarding of minted treasure.

I wonder how man can be miserly when he looks upon the prodigality of the Sun. I ask myself why one should murder his heart and stain his hands with blood, and soil his soul, and wear away his flesh for a few miserable pieces of counterfeit when the very heavens are full of pure gold?

At sunrise I put aside lust and greed, if I have them, and all through the day woo Beauty: beauty of cleanliness, beauty of soul, beauty of heart, beauty of living, beauty of thinking, beauty of speech, beauty of manners, beauty of love, beauty of form, of color, of modesty; beauty of helpfulness to a brother in need, beauty of charity toward those who want, beauty of mercy toward the weak and of forgiveness toward the wicked; beauty of strength, beauty of kinship which the Sun has made so wondrous wide; beauty in the simplest acts of kindness; I avoid the crushing of a worm in my path, I will

not wantonly trample a bug; I rescue a poor fly from a spider's web—as I have rescued toads from the cruelty of boys. These acts are chiseled from pure beauty; there is no alloy in them. In the eyes of civilization such acts are not only beautiful—but they are also great and holy. And I think that one of the great acts of Abraham Lincoln—that is to say an act truly indicative of his Soul's greatness—was his deliverance of a poor pig entangled and in the mire. In that act there was humor and pathos. The highest development of soul showing mercy to the lowest order of brutedom is an antithesis so great that it might almost be called divine.

And so I find beauty in the giving of drink unto a thirsty beast, or food to a hungry dog, or a cool draught of lemonade—maybe a "schooner" of beer—to a dusty laborer toiling through the heat of day. There is beauty in the giving of

kindly words to the rich and powerful of earth who are yet too weak and miserable to win sympathy from their fellows or respect from anybody; and there is even greater beauty in kindly words given to the neglected Helots who get, for the most part, only kicks and curses.

Thus the day enables me to find time for kindly deeds to everything endowed with life which has been good enough to assist in the making of my happy environment. Each day gives me time enough to make some child happy; time enough to be courteous to some old person; time enough to dodge into a hospital with a word of love or with an orange for some victim of error—some human nail struck hard on the head by the hammer of fate.

I perceive that the real artists of this world—the only genuine creators—are those who do kindly deeds and think kindly thoughts and utter kindly words. These are the demi-gods of earth, for

they transmute the material world into artistic dreams of joy; they create the little Salamanders of living beauty which dance through all the hours of our short life to amuse us. And who are the Knights; the brave strong men? The kindly men; there are none other. Cruelty never yet has found abode within a great heart. Bravery and courage are merely other names for kindness. Greatness and goodliness cannot exist apart from each other.

Abraham Lincoln who in the final judgment of time will probably be regarded as the greatest soul ever born in this western world, was so kind that Mercy weeps almost at the mention of his name. Jesus would not now be the Chirst to many millions of human beings if he had not fed the hungry, silenced the mean gossip, solaced the bereaved, and loved little children. All the other Christs who have been worshiped down the ages were real saviors because they were kind and

good. Kindliness increases the assets of mankind. He who is kind to children and tender to mothers and respectful to fathers makes all good men his brothers and he makes all bad men better. He who is good to children lets loose the happy sprites of joy that go laughing forever down the flowery ways of time. We are not yet developed enough morally even to imagine how much good one does to the world who is kind to children. He who feeds a hungry child or a starving dog wins a kiss from God. I have fed many an old bitch in my day, and sometimes I have been bitten for my pains; but the bite merely served to remind me of the joy which otherwise I might have forgotten. The scars on the flesh are often the laurels upon the Soul's brow.

A generous deed, a kind word, a nod of recognition, a smile of encouragement—these are the jewels which anyone may pluck from the round bowl of time and

bestow upon a fellow. Thrice blessed of God is he who gives, and truly blessed is he who receives these jewels when days are dark or bright.

I perceive then that my real possessions multiply as the world's wealth increases. I shrink from the wretched poverty of the selfish, and I see how noble and far-reaching is the metaphorical injunction: *Go sell all that thou hast and give it unto the poor.* And I understand how hatred shrivels the heart and blinds the eye to Beauty; how fear darkens all the landscape of the soul; how unclean speech befouls the springs of thought; and how every little selfish vice is a thieving imp let loose to prey upon the happiness of man.

The robber barons of this later day are Lust and Greed; and Benevolence was never yet the inhabitant of a filthy purse.

I know that he who covets gold mistakes the symbol for the long chain of

facts behind it; that he who grasps in greed fills his hand with worthless straw. But he who helps, holds real wealth within his soul and adds to that without. The Sun supplies me with gold; the earth supplies me with opportunities for splendid deeds, and everything furnishes unto my soul beautiful thoughts.

I worship the Sun, and through the Sun the Spirit; and through the Spirit my hope rises until my faith sees clearly enough for me that *evil* is merely perverted *good*—*good* out of place—*good* at war with itself; until my faith sees good come ultimately to the meanest thing that lives; and to trees as well as men. I see *good* blessing the three kingdoms of the earth. I see that nothing is lost, however much some things may seem to stray; and this hope—this faith—this clearer sight of my soul is an immeasurable part of my impersonal estate, even as it is of yours.

Besides all this, I have an hour at noontide beneath my vine. I lie on my back and look up through the translucent leaves. I am hypnotized by their motion. I live in their shadows. I am soothed by their odors; comforted by their green content. I watch the birds on the boughs. I watch the tiny insect-life tirelessly at work in their mansion of foliage. I lounge in the cool deep grasses. My body is at ease. My soul is at rest. The spirit of peace is upon me: the sweetest season in all the changing climate of mortal being. I often prolong the hour of noontide until the shadows slowly creep from West to East; I see them gradually lengthen; silently they stretch their fingers over the fields; like shadowy Masons they travel toward the East. Are they seeking that which was lost, or are they merely the harbingers of Hope telling man where to look for his diurnal flood of gold? I know not. Yet each man

knows according to that which is within him.

Now all the sweet things of the field are full of soft laughter. Silently the twilight falls. Children's voices are in the air—the last spasm of frolicsomeness preceding the slumber of infants.

In the West there floats a sea of pearl, and over against it one of purple which melts into great tides of amber. The West has transmuted its gold into purple; the purple falls into shadow, and the shadow deepens into night, and night gladly turns into sleep, and sleep again into new strength and fresh beauty for the morrow.

Day after day my impersonal estate grows larger and sweeter and holier as the days link and weave themselves into years and the years into the fulness of life and life into the meaning of Love and Love into the religion of Beauty.

Of such is the Sun's power and glory—and of such is worship on earth.

THE CITY

THE CITY

"Earth has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty;
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at its own sweet will;
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!"

I WALK in the City streets, and am pleased with their construction. My brothers were kind to spend so much labor upon them to please me and to please you. I am grateful for my City-domain, and I am proud of it. I

look at the structures on either side, and marvel at the patience and skill of the builders. The edifices are all beautiful to me. I do not trouble myself about their architecture so much as I concern myself with their meaning. I know the limitations of architecture and the illimitability of ignorance and of greed. I see that everything feels the weight of law—yields to the pressure of circumstance which moulds it into shape. I understand why men are driven to do this and that. I know that they will do better; therefore in nowise do I condemn them. I am assured that what they have done they have done for me, and equally for all. I, too, am a-doing. Better things will be done after me; and what I do, poor as it is, makes better things possible. For that reason I am content, happy and hopeful.

If you are not pleased with the City, go off to spend some soft, gray, chilly, autumnal days in the country. Walk

through the mud; lounge around in the rain, or sit in-doors and feast your eyes on the dreariness without; turn back into the ways of primitive man for a while. The City will not displease you quite so much when you return to it.

Some persons who lack imagination say that all cities look alike to them. It is quite the reverse with me. I find that cities, like unto persons have characteristics in common; but that they have also individuality. Every city has its own personality and its own peculiar traits; and every city has its own story to tell in its own way. Indeed, cities are wondrous books; they are literature in bas-relief. They are more: they are literature throbbing with actual life—pulsating symbols and thrilling changes—active and mysterious as the brain, tireless as the pumping heart, and tragic with the plays of life and death. Besides, every large city contains in itself—its active

daily life—more real art than all earth's galleries hold.

To enjoy one's estate, one must know something of it. Knowledge is a golden key that opens the impersonal domain to the longing gaze of man. We are not born with this golden key—neither with the dexterity, as it were, to use it. We must acquire both the key and the knack. This costs effort—effort often prolonged through years before the first glimpses become intelligible to the soul. Still, this cost is the best and most stable investment that we can make. It guarantees the highest percentage of interest known to human experience. To be sure, the effort must be unrelenting and continuous if you would have your view to broaden, to brighten and to become clearer. Fortunately, the effort soon becomes a habit and the habit a delight. Who was it who said: sow a thought and reap a deed; sow a deed and reap a habit; sow a habit

and reap destiny? There is something in that. If I would know and enjoy my estate, therefore, I must put forth my whole strength. I must explore my realm before I can make use of it. As the huntsman shoulders his murderous gun and starts out in search of the timid denizens of forest and field—as the picture-taker prepares his camera before going in quest of shadows to fix—as the artist-painter gathers up his tools before he sets out for the conquest of views and scenes and objects which lend themselves to the purposes of art by their inherent beauty of form, color, contrast or combination—so must I assure myself of the right *mental attitude* before I start out to investigate any part of my domain, be it a city, a flower, or a star. In no other way shall I be able to enjoy it or to make it mine.

Assured, then, of the mental attitude required, I seek the main thoroughfare

of my city. There I inquire into the currents of its life and the source of its preferment. I remain long enough to catch the spirit of its activity and to discover if I can the reason why it is the "main thoroughfare." I follow the human interests which flow through it, even into their various ramifications. I inspect its architecture *en masse*. In ephemeral lines I interpret durability of bulk, and read a short story of the times, done for me in brick and mortar. The show-windows display at a glance the public taste; they reveal public temperament; they hint at public morals in their private tendencies; they indicate the material condition and tranquillity of the populace. Inferentially, also, they speak loudly of contrasts; they draw lines of social demarcation. In a word, they are eloquent with the manner and fashion and subtleties of life.

I visit the great mart of commerce,

reading there strange tales from over the whole earth. I go to the centres of finance and read as much as I choose of the long story that had its origin in the first exchange of colored shells and polished pebbles. I enter the districts both where the poor and the rich abide; and there I read more in a few moments of the history of human society than ever yet was writ in books. I catch more glimpses of the soul in an hour than I could transliterate in a year. Patiently, I search out vantage-points for viewing; and make such pictures on my brain as would delight the painter folk. In making my pictures I practice elimination and addition—or rather, transposition. I exclude the ugly, play at dreamy imaging, and throw over all some entrancing atmosphere of soul. Lo! I have before me such works of art as would blanket the faculties of a master artist with despair.

I walk amongst the homes. I inhabit

every house I see. I busy myself with its furnishings less than with its fireside; but I do not forget its furnishings, its cosey rooms, its color schemes and decorative effects. To me every house is a *home*. There are enough broken images and barren hearths in cold, inhospitable fact. I do not need any in my imagination; they are not admitted into my domain; they would mar the religion of beauty. By right they occupy no part of the impersonal estate. These things bear the same relation to the Soul's kingdom that cyclones do to the trees on my farm; similar to the incendiary's relations to my out-buildings; or, perhaps, the simile were tolerable if I compared soulless homes, skeleton houses, barren habitations, polluted hearths, obscene chambers, garish halls and divided abodes with mudholes, pestilential swamps, unholy swales and quagmires in a landscape: things to be avoided.

At all events, I people my houses with warm hearts and united families. No broken images are there—no scattered *lares* and *penates*, no soiled vows, no hidden wraiths, no dark closets inhabited with skeletons and foul with dirty linen. I throng all rooms with the cordial virtues. I fill the halls with the ring of children's laughter. I see the father paying court to the mother in the sweet privacy of her boudoir. I see the wife stealing on tip-toe into the library to surprise the husband with a kiss, brought as it were by an angel. I see him caught in the very act of abstruse mathematics; and I hear him confess his shame in reverent whispers 'tween kisses. This is better than to see a wife forced to rifle the pockets of her "liege and lord" for small change—better I think than to see her search his waistcoat for long, stray hairs of an off-color.

I see the children in white robes saying

their prayers or reciting poems at bedtime. I see the Father and Mother standing with clasped hands at the bedside of their sleeping babes. I know all the parental hopes that thrill their united hearts. I look with them down the glorious vistas of their dreams and fond desires:

> "We shall hear, as one in a trance that hears,
> The sound of time, the rhyme of the years."

There, just across the street, is a very modest home. In it I see a dear Grandmother sitting in her special chair beside the glowing grate. I see the golden heads of human sunflowers clustered round her. I hear the stories which she tells of Grandpa in his youth, and of what Papa or Mama did when they were "little." I see the bright eyes of the children and the flowing gold of their curls. I share their pleasure. I am happy. I see the sleek house cat, like an image of content, on

the rug before the fire. I see that the dog is thoroughly alive to his primitive instincts of watchfulness and wardenship. I see the pictures which hang upon the walls. It makes little matter what they are or how poor. They were put there by loving hands. That is enough to prophesy well for the soul. The poorest picture ever hung against a whitewashed wall was yet the seed and promise of the highest art. It marked a *tendency;* it showed a trait; it told of a longing; it pointed upward to nobler things. I see a few poor books on one small shelf—or many splendid tomes lining the walls. It is all the same to me. Not what is there do I hold as so important as what promises to be there. A book in a home is a note in the harp's melody that we call the soul. Every book, is a promise; every book is a hope; every book speaks of *effort*—and effort is *life.* Every book has a richer language and a deeper

significance than its curious black symbols spell out on the white page. It makes no matter whether one beloved book lies on the "centre table" in the home, or whether a thousand books are ranked along the walls—the meaning, the promise, the lesson, the prophecy, the evidence, the story—they are all the same.

I furnish all the homes of my impersonal estate differently. This is a diversion—a delight. Some are eloquent with decoration, and reminiscent with design. The furniture of some has the solid instinct of the Dutch, or the light grace of the French when France was golden. There are rugs from Persia, quaint tapestries from Flanders, queenly wefts from the Gobelins, intricate laces from Bruges and Brussels. There is Italian faïence; and there are chinas from Japan and Sèvre, and crockery from Holland. There are silken cushions, and polished floors, and inset mirrors, and mural satins, and

heavy draperies, and sunken marble baths, tiled and sculptured mantels, and carven chairs and tables and pieces of mahogany—of marquetry and buhl—of Chippendale and Sheraton. There are rare porcelain and crystal vases, and cabinets filled with curious treasure, chiseled ivory and bronzes, and jeweled clocks, and miniatures of art. There is gold and silver plate fit to adorn palaces; there are fine linens and drawnwork, and statues and old armor.

Close to these mansions, overflowing with priceless things, is the humble home of a few small rooms. The little curly mirror and a few cheap chromos are on the wall. There are plain, straight-backed chairs. The wooden clock is on the mantel—a jar of pickles behind the door—the rag-carpet on the floor, and the Bible on a stand beside the lamp. This, too, is a palace to me. It is the home of love, the fount of life, the shrine of

tender associations—the pivot of the whole universe to those who dwell therein.

I visit the park. Fewer people are there than I find in many of the streets. I can therefore read better the faces and forms of the folk. Furthermore, the perspective is freer in the park and there my lungs seem joyous. I walk where the children play upon the grass or hide among the leaves. I linger where old men sit on benches. I see them grouped together in a space partly enclosed by rocks and vines. They are discussing the politics of nations, the policies of government, the schemes of finance, war and commerce. I hear them praise the President and laugh at kings. They repeat the immortal poems in my hearing. They are as pathetic as the old women over there by themselves—and almost as interesting. I walk along by the benches where the old women are seated at their gossip over the days of

their youth—about their friends and families. I hear them solemnly enumerate the tragedies which have filled their lives and whitened their bowed heads. Some speak of sons risen—others are silent over daughters fallen. Some mumble of children's babes; some of empty cradles; others of graves newly made, or of graves that have sunken beneath a tangle of long grasses—now only a memory of the "Old Country."

I walk amongst the middle-aged matrons of ripe beauty, enraptured with their children; and I stroll among young mothers out with their babes-in-arms for a breath of air. I see the children of the rich with their governesses, and the orphaned children of the poor. I see young lovers enfolded in the draperies of a dream—oblivious to all else save the dream—a dream which comes only once. I note the sprightly light in their dancing eyes mingled with the mellow light of

love as passion plays upon their features. In their faces I read the presages of new homes, and new families; but I stop at the passages which foretell new wrecks and fresh despair.

In one part of the park I see the very poor drawn together in communities of common interset and of common want. Elsewhere I see the well-to-do at their ease, and the rich in their carriages and horseless cars; the student with his books; the sketcher with his portfolio; and over all is the blue sky with its fleecy clouds. Sifting through the leaves is the golden sun. The grass is all trimmed and the lawns are smooth. The trees and lakes and walks and ways and statues and flowers and fountains and the park's small life make up a world of infinite interest—of wide meaning.

Step by step my impersonal estate expands under the religion of beauty. I did not know how much I possessed in

cities. The old urban land-marks furnish me with links uniting the dim lost days of the past with the passing days of the present and with the inrolling days of the future. These olden cities mellowed by time, softened by association, sanctified by tears and made holy by the spilled blood of men, women and children are much more than cities to me. Time and association have poetized them. Nothing can be poetic that is wholly void of the spirit of precedent. Time must beat rhythmically, over and over again, with some phase of life upon some feature of the world to make it poetic. So it is with the artistic. Without the touch of harmony made possible by the slow, soft magic of attrition, art becomes hard, sharp and impudent. The olden cities are epic poems of wondrous beauty and of profound symbolic meaning. As I wander over the earth they choke me with emotions; they fill me with pride;

they inspire me with humility and with gratitude; they cast athwart my brain the shadow of an infinite interrogation mark.

I ride in the public conveyances—a "nickel" gives me the ownership of any. Who would be slave to a private carriage when five cents make him master of a street car or an omnibus? Personally, I am not selfish enough to wish to ride alone. I am much happier for the presence of others. They furnish me with countless delights: the young maiden, "laden with odor and color of flowers," lends me her pretty eyes, her beautiful face, her wealth of hair, her mated and marvellous lines, her supple grace and modest dignity. How much better and sweeter and more wholesome she is in the flesh than on a piece of rectangular canvas! To me she is a living picture kissed by the open air and the light of day—glorified by the touch of demure innocence.

"Sweet soul, sweet mouth of all that laughs and lives."

With the young maiden are women and boys, and men of grave face, clear eye and thoughtful brow. The men comfort me with their wisdom and strength. They let me read in their faces the struggles, the victories, the hopes, and, what they *think*, are the failures of a life. To me there are no failures. Before one human soul shall utterly fail, the stars shall all fade away and the sun itself go out. If there were such a thing as *failure* there could be no such thing as *law*. If one soul were to go hopelessly bankrupt there would be no security for any soul. The attractive forces of the worlds are no more real than are the moral forces of souls. There are no favorites in either case. There are no exceptions in these primal conditions of infinity. There are no false relations amongst kindred laws.

They are somewhat more than mortal roses. They are fate.

Mothers sit in public conveyances with me. *Mothers* admit me to their presence. I look on them and know why woman was made to mother the Son of God. The best and noblest thing in any religion is the divinely heroic tale in which a mortal woman becomes the mother of an immortal God. The genius of our race never conceived an idea more splendid than that. How infinite the antithesis: this spiritual conception of motherhood and the material conception of hen-hood!

These mothers, then, that I see about me in the public conveyances tell me without garrulousness the tales of their whole lives. They speak to me in the subtlest of languages. They tell me of sacrifices made to love, and to the sense of duty. They tell me without loquacity of their joys and sorrows and cares, and

the tears of their midnight watches. They tell me of their children and husbands—of their homes and of all the sweet associations of the hearth. They delight me with their full and perfect beauty—a beauty as delicate as it is transient, as it hovers on the brink of loss.

In every woman I see some trace of beauty; and I believe that it is a mistake—a confession of imperfect sight or of a corrupted soul to say of *any* woman: she is not beautiful. Beauty and womanhood are, in a sense, synonymous terms. No woman was ever so ugly that the germs of beauty totally failed her. In one woman there is to be found beauty of a certain kind; in another, a beauty which is entirely different, but equally real. In some it is the beauty of possibility only—the withered buds of the "might have been;" but no woman is totally ugly, entirely graceless, wholly lacking in that subtle witchery which

has held the heart of man captive since the race began.

I ride with women in the cars. I watch them in the great and fashionable bazaars. I am thankful if one touches my elbow, however lightly and however much by chance. To me they are all Madonnas—all pure enough to mother gods—all sacred enough to be worshiped on bended knee. With nothing else in all the world save even *one* woman I could be happy and content.

"And, hating no one, love but only her."

In every woman I see beauty. In womanhood I see God: that is to say, Love and Beauty.

MY LOVE

Oh my Love hath caught the motion of the waters—
Oh my Love hath caught the spirit of the green;
For the step of her is light
As a dancing star at night
On the bosom of a brook where flowers lean.

The City

Oh my Love hath heart a-blossom like the lotus—
Oh her heart is some strange flower of the South;
  For its fragrance is of leaves
  When it smiles or when it grieves:
I have caught it floating upward from her mouth.

My Soul—I found it empty when I met her—
My Heart—I found it empty as a dream;
  And my life she moulded new—
  Fresh as roses wet with dew
When Aurora wakes them with her kissing beam.

Oh my Love she hath a laughter that is music—
Oh my Love she hath large wonder in her eyes;
  And the form of her is lithe
  As a lily-stem when blithe
Winds of dawn hath swayed it under summer skies.

For my Love I leave ambition and its fetters—
By her side I breathe the freedom of the skies;
  And forsake the ways I know
  For the new ways we shall go—
And she'll bless my Fate forever with her eyes.

THE OLD PRIEST

THE OLD PRIEST

ONE day I sat at a little eating-place in the suburbs of Rome. I was drinking some red wine, eating some coarse bread, and watching the life around me. An old Priest entered. He seated himself at my table, and called for a bottle of wine of which he afterward said repeatedly, "C'est magnifique!" From the mysterious folds of his poor robe he drew forth a loaf of dark bread which he proceeded to slice. Then he placed the cut pieces with almost ludicrous precision in a large, shallow bowl; over all he poured the red wine. Leisurely and with dignity he ate the wine-soaked bread. Meanwhile he was polite enough to extend to me his greetings in words warm with kindliness

across the cold, bare board. He made me happy. I am indebted to him for an hour's perfect joy. He told me of his work among the peasants; repeated some little bit of Ada Negri's melancholy verse, and painted word-pictures for me so pregnant with life that they must have been true. He drew, with a few direct strokes, outlines which will live in my brain until its light fades. At parting he kissed me upon the brow, and left me greatly in his debt, for he had added, unconsciously to himself, royal treasure to my estate, and beauty to my religion.

Does this seem strange in the face of his extreme poverty? Indeed he was piteously poor in the world's goods, and poorer yet in health. He was nearing the grave which was only a few steps off. He was emaciated and yellow. There was little flesh upon his hollow cheeks; his withered and livid lips scarcely covered the artificial teeth from which his

gums had shrunken. His black eyes burned far back in the depths of deep sockets.

I know many estimable folk who would have beheld this dying Priest with horror and repulsion. To me, however, he was an object of veneration and of love. His life unfolded itself before me as a dream: his ceaseless work, his sacrifices, his tears for others' sorrows, his physical discomforts, his spiritual heartburnings—all made holy and beauteous by the aura of his unselfish soul.

I saw him at the bedside of the sick. I saw him minister unto the dying, comfort the weeping, feed the hungry, and encourage the hopeless. I saw, too, that he did nothing for the praise of men—nothing for personal glory. He was the Priest of the Impersonal. Yet I saw in that poor Priest more glory than I had seen the day before at the Vatican. His eyes lighted by the approach of death

were more beautiful to me than were the almost matchless eyes of His Eminence, Cardinal Merry del Val, the Pope's brilliant Secretary of State.

That poor, dying Priest stood for all the good in the great Catholic Church. He was a symbol as rich in meaning as the greatest Pope. His sombre, threadbare cloak was more beautiful to me than the Cardinals' splendid robes.

I do not know his name; and few remember it now. It is merely a part of the records of the Church of Rome. In his little parish—in some little village in sunny Italy—his name will live for a little while, kept green with the tears of grief and gratitude, and then it will pass away from the memory of men forever. No matter. That humble Priest gave much to mankind—much to my impersonal estate. He added to my contentment and to my peace of soul. He fortified my patience with faith, and gave

courage to my endurance. He made my heart kindlier toward the poor—more forbearing toward the rich. He caused me to think less of self and more of others. He taught me to do the best I could and then to be resigned. He showed me by example the wisdom of acceptance: to be content with things that are until by strong effort they can be made better.

The good works of this Priest will outlive the very memory of his Church—of any Church. His glory after all is as fadeless as the stars—imperishable as hope.

To the memory of this unknown peasant Priest I choose to link, with a tribute of my love, the memory of the great Jesuit orator, lately of New York, whom all the world knew—The Rev. William O'Brien Pardow:

THE PASSING OF A HOLY MAN

(In Memoriam)

Beyond our sphere of thought and ken—
Beyond the reach of mortal men
A Soul immortal pure and strong
Hath passed as goeth some sweet song—

I know not where—I only know
That music now hath ceased to flow
Through earthly gates of sense and sound,
While darkness hovers all around.

One holy Strain hath ceased for me
Where I must walk and Time must be.
Beyond a little mound of clay
I falter—and I lose my way.

Our Doubt and Grief are bowed in tears,
While Faith and Hope gaze through the years—
Our Faith and Hope like spirits blest
Are brooding where his ashes rest.

I pause to weep where flowers hide
The earth's new wound—where dreams abide—
Where Love distills the dewy tear,
And darkness mothers doubt and fear;

The Old Priest

And pausing here I feel the trance
Of some old faith or circumstance—
A trance in which my vision free
Sees a white sail far out at sea—

And whither bound I do not know—
I only know that music's flow
Hath ceased to pass the gates of breath;
And out upon the sea of death
A snow-white sail is swept along,
And fades as endeth some sweet song.

23, January, 1909

LIFE IN DEATH

LIFE IN DEATH

DEATH is a border-line; it marks the beginning of a realm almost as mysterious as the realm of life. We cross the line and pass out of perception. It is idle to question what is beyond. A change falls upon us. A delicious slumber soothes the senses and smooths out the lines of care. The most astute analysis goes scarcely farther than this.

I choose to look upon my dead as having fallen asleep with a smile upon their lips. And not unlike Jacquot's mother, I half expect to find the smile upon their lips the next morning when they shall awake. If they do not awaken, it amounts to the same thing, since I shall not know it more than they.

I say to my beloved and dead: You have gone to sleep in your little bed. Lovingly I have tucked you away and smoothed your pillow. I kiss you *good-night.* I gaze for a sad moment upon your dear face. I see how peacefully you sleep. I see that you have gone to bed. I too shall soon be going. Shortly, very shortly we shall sleep together. Nothing is more certain than that—nothing can be much better than that.

During the few checkered hours of our little life together we were as children, and we played at great things. We played at "horse" and were thrilled with imagination as we drove Jove's chariot around the earth. We made believe that we were grown-ups. We were oracles in the other's eyes. We talked sagely, and were a little vain at times. We laughed and wept by turns. That saved us. Now you have gone to your little bed to sleep; and I remember only that we loved much and

were loyal. We fought our mock battles honorably. We played fair with friend and foe. But all that I really wish to remember is that we loved much; and all that I know is that we shall soon sleep together.

The estate of royal and impersonal dignity comes to us only at death. Death bestows upon the bereft neither the bright robes of joy, nor the sombre garb of grief. It should bestow the only genuine degree of *Doctor in Philosophy.*

There are times at which I think: Death means so little, and the grave so much. I have wept at the grave of Shelley where

> "Nothing of him that doth fade
> But doth suffer a sea-change
> Into something rich and strange."

New flowers bloomed upon my estate. I have wept at the grave of Keats—he "whose name was writ in water;" my horizon widened. I have walked where

Tasso strolled and dreamed and suffered; my estate grew richer. I have plucked a spray from the tomb where, embraced in death, lie Heloise and Abelard; my heart was better. I put some violets on the grave of George Eliot; my heart encompassed more. In revery I stood beside the granite block that holds the ashes of Herbert Spencer; my estate multiplied itself many times. I have wandered along the Avon, and my soul was ennobled by Shakespeare's world. I stood beside the tomb of the great Napoleon while shadowy armies marched to martial echoes. Superhuman projects arose out of their graves. I saw Europe dazzled and dazed by the stupendous genius of one man. I saw Fate nurse him at her capricious breast until he grew to be in harmony with the infinite. And I saw him forsaken by Fate, and forgotten even by Marie Louise. A whole world was added to my estate. I

have looked on great cathedrals, which are tombs, and read from them the stories which books omit. I have found in the tombs of the great, talismans and strange influences which brought treasure to my estate from the coffers of the past. I have visited the tomb to claim that part of my heritage which can be had nowhere else—that is to say: that sweetness of soul which comes from homage paid to the great and good in the presence of their ashes. I find a *living* influence, too vital to be described, in those little nook-shotten recesses of earth where the great dead find their last repose. I find a similar influence hovering over their birth-places, and rising like the wraith of a mist from the earth where their footsteps passed. This makes almost every spot of ground sacred to me, for I see that it has been hallowed by holy feet. Noble deeds, like a spirit of righteousness, pervade the soil; they spring up in the

living green of cool meadows, and live in the very air we breathe as an impalpable dust.

When I breathe I take into my lungs the emotions of the great Poets, Painters, Prelates, Artisans, Philosophers, Builders and Students. The play of electric forces which passed through their lungs, into their blood, through their heart and brain, expressing their emotions, also passes through my lungs, into my blood, through my heart and brain, impressing the spirit of sweeter emotion in me because they lived, loved, sorrowed and hoped.

Therefore I am greedy of breath. I imbibe the fresh air of field and wood deeply, and with conscious thrills of the old life converted into the new. I feel the soft, luxurious dreams of the dead poets passing through my blood. I feel their kisses within the chambers of my heart, and their hopes within my brain.

My faith in the noble dead fills me with an airy lightness, and enables me to get everywhere about my estate, as it were, on the wings of ecstasy.

I have heard Jansenists scoff at the *bread* which was said to be the *flesh*, and at the *wine* which was said to be the *blood;* but I know that the bread *is* the flesh and that the wine is also the blood; and that the Sacrament is as universal as life itself. In a world in which life must feed upon life, and where there is no repose even in death, how much better it is to see beauty in this wide Symbolic sacrament, than only cruetly in a mock savagery.

I eat and drink of the *flesh* and *blood*, of the *life* and *love*, of the *soul* and *body* of the dead, and through the dead, of the spirit of life which is ceaseless resurrection: the endless poem of change pervading the universe. Consequently, as a ceremony of formal acknowledgment to

the great dead, of the heritage which came unto my soul, I visit their tombs. At Père la Chaise, at Campo Santo, at Rome, in the crypts of the cathedrals, in the dungeons of the catacombs, at Sainte Geneviève in Paris, at High Gate Hill in London, at Stratford-on-Avon, at Dobbs Ferry-on-Hudson, and along life's Appian Way, and elsewhere, I have bowed my head and paid the tribute of my gratitude — acknowledged my debt—to the illustrious dead, and as well to the humble and forgotten sleepers, since each and all have added somewhat to the beauties which are mine, to the joy which pulsates within me, to the contentment which my soul knows, and to the Peace which enfolds my Spirit.

"All delicate days and pleasant, all spirits and sorrows are cast
Far out with the foam of the present that sweeps to the surf of the past."

And this should be the epitaph of a wise man:

This stone marks the spot where I returned into the earth. Where I shall issue forth again, I know not, nor how nor when; but that I shall emerge again I have no doubt.

BOOKS

BOOKS

NO one can fail of happiness who has the bookish temperament. Almost everybody has access to books. Anybody can own a copy of the Bible. There is a strange and diverse library in that book alone. It contains history, legend, poetry, grotesque fable and out-and-out fiction. The Koran also is very interesting; so are the four collections of Hymns known as the Veda; and also the matchless works of Confucius and Shakespeare. These books are all accessible where acceptable, and in them are worlds, peoples, systems of hope and of philosophy, schemes of faith, shafts of doubt, and poems fresh from the primeval heart of man.

Books

Every great book broadens the horizon, increases the estate of the soul, quickens the imagination, warms the cockles of the heart, intensifies the feeling, softens the rigidity of the perceptions, and inspires the brain with nascent thought.

I have heard men express surprise at the small number of really great books there are in the world. As for me, I must say, I am astounded at the great number. The poorest book that was ever made is a prophecy of the greatest book that ever shall be produced. The humblest pamphlet is the seed of the greatest library. After all, it is not so much what the book is as it is what the book pledges. Every book is a symbol of the soul. The meanest book ever written points upward—unconsciously maybe, but upward, nevertheless. Books as living things have "mutable wings."

So long as I may have access to books I shall believe myself to be rich beyond

envy. They enable me to view my estate through the eyes of others. They open the crypts of the past to me. Books unfold the future by inference and deduction. They are the manifold eyes of fancy. They conjure up forgotten dreams. They are less the receptacles of knowledge than the springs of knowledge. They burst upon us from a thousand sources, and would drown us if we were heavier than cork. As it is they bear us along upon the bosom of progress. They preserve to us the great characters of earth; and how poor we should be without them! How very imperfectly we should know Charlemagne if there were not preserved to us some glimpses of his soul as he stood weeping at the approach of the Norseman's fleet. How good it is to know the chivalrous heart of Sir Knight Bayard—he who was ever *sans peur et sans reproche.* How glad we are that a kindly dignity redeemed the weakness of

Louis XVI at the sad moment of his fall. How fortunate that the goodness of Saint Louis is preserved to us! With what admiration do we behold the towering strength and sanity of Henry IV. How tenderly we cherish all memories of Jeanne d'Arc. How should we measure the loss of a Shakespeare, a Voltaire, a Tennyson, a Burns, a Keats, a Swinburne, a Tasso, a Dante, a Savonarola, a Petrarch, a George Eliot, a Herbert Spencer, a Charles Darwin, a Haeckel, a Hugo, a Corneille, a Molière, a Racine, a Poe? How poor we should be without a written memory of the great souls of the Golden Age of France and the Elizabethan Age of England! How immeasurably the books of these increase our impersonal estate. Suppose that nothing were left to us of the immortal Greeks—nothing of the great Romans! Who shall say how much these men have contributed to our flowery

fields of pleasure; how much ecstasy, knowledge, light, love, hope and soft comfort they have poured into our lives? How content they make us with death; how they stimulate our fortitude in adversity; how well they have shown us the meaning of mortal tragedy; how well they have transliterated to us such symbols as tears and the stabs of fate, and every-day nettles of existence. Who should fear death after the Martyrs? Who should lack courage in the presence of the splendid examples of courage all around us on our bookshelves? Who would faint in the ceaseless struggle to do right in the presence of the biographies of the indomitable Knights of the Righteous Will?

I cannot understand the restlessness of this age when the library is so full of peace. There in the library is the cosiest of cosey corners and a companionship to mate any mood. When the nights are long and cold I sit before the grate

and converse with friendly spirits. My books are such modest, gentle souls that they never obtrude a word. They never speak unless called upon. The etiquette of the library never wearies me. Among my books there are no supersensitive beings ever eager to be hurt. No persistent shallow-pate profanes a golden silence. Not a tome speaks unless called upon; and then the manner of address is most refreshing because the discourse is maintained with simple dignity—without flattery and without fear. The attitude of a book is always frank. The writer may have been a hypocrite and a coward; but the book's manner redeems him, so far as the social amenities of the library are concerned.

No one should complain of the flood of books; but rather let us keep the presses busy. If every human being alive today were to write a book the world would be blessed beyond the power of words to

express. The more books there are the more books will be read—but if nobody reads my book my estate is nonetheless enriched by the writing of it. I know very well that I am a better citizen, a better companion, a better soul for having made a book. I am not vain enough to be hurt if few read it and none praise it. I am satisfied to know that the effort has stimulated my soul toward growth. Besides, I know perfectly well that my effort is not lost on my brothers. Someone, somewhere, some time will be better because of the very things which I am now writing. Moreover, no soul in this world grows better, broader, sweeter *alone*, or without sharing its wealth with other souls. There is and can be no selfishness in the soul's acquisition and expansion. Unselfishness of the soul is the blossoming top of a plant whose physical being is rooted in the soil of selfishness, savagery, strife and murder.

We are mistaken when we condemn this basic soil for its cannibalism, its fierce and heartless struggles. We are in a transitional stage of development, and as yet we do not see very clearly. Out of this basic soil the soul blossoms to gladden the clearer view and to sweeten the upper air with most delicate fragrance. If we would be happy we must not spend our days nosing about the roots of the plant of life. We must look above even though we cannot, for the present eon, get away from the compost and dirt of existence. We must close our eyes to its ugliness and brutal filth and concern ourselves with the leaves, flowers, aspirations and beauties of the upward growth. We must do this unless we know our estate so well that we can see in the basic earth, wet with the tears and blood of suffering, some latent beauty—the potential dreams and promises of flowery love; unless it hold for us a sweet hope and a sure faith.

The superstructure is reared upon the substructure; the edifice rises in a climax, step by step, until the topmost story is lost in the mists of stars. Then let each do his share!—the sum total will take care of itself. Let each man water the plants of his own garden—nay, let each man help his neighbor, and all will be well in life and in death. Let no one be a stranger to the obscurest and most modest nook of the impersonal estate. Then each man's garden shall be fairer, and each soul sweeter. Then shall contentment be universal, love omnipresent, hope omniscient, and faith allwhere, sure and steadfast as the stars in their courses.

Much, very much we get from books; more, very much more we shall yet get from them; and we shall find books in men, poems in women's faces, histories in stones, epics in carved cathedral piles, stories in cities and in the trails of travel and commerce across continents. We

shall find books in trees and in the sands of deserts—books in the light of stars and in the gloom of caves—in all forms of life and death, which ultimately are only change; and we shall find creeds in noble actions, and holy books in everything.

Let books and seasons speak in joyous chorus to your delighted soul. Follow the aerial flights of the great poets' songs, and by the alchemy of beauty make the very wings of fancy to beat wondrously into the ears of men.

Interpret music—catch the soul of melody from the melting air. Master the essentials of living, but never forsake the pursuit of the ideal.

Look! over there bends a bow of ether-spray that man calls the Milky Way. Do you know that each drop of that spray holds a shining world with tides and "wind wherein seas and stars are shaken?"

Well, there is a *book* for you.

THE OPEN

THE OPEN

At Barbizon—at Barbizon—
My heart is still at Barbizon,
Where the drowsy poppies are
Dreaming 'neath the moon and star,
Through the dawn and through the day—
There my soul would love to stay;
There to wander through the fields
Where the golden harvest yields
Peace and plenty—and the hours
Are soft and sweet as summer flowers
Kissed by breezes as they pass
Through the lanes and through the grass—
Down at blessed Barbizon—
At Barbizon—at Barbizon.

At Barbizon—at Barbizon—
My love is still at Barbizon,
Where the forest trees are high,
And mosses soft beneath them lie;
Where the reddest poppies grow—
Conscious flakes of scarlet snow—
There a maiden told to me

The Open

Wondrous tales of mystery—
There my heart and soul would stay
With the maiden night and day—
There to kiss her hair and eyes
When the sunset burns the skies
Down at peaceful Barbizon—
At Barbizon—at Barbizon.

I DO not want honor. I have no desire to enslave myself to Fame.

I am fortunate in this. I only wish for the freedom to love a few wild flowers growing along the sunny side of an old wall—the privilege to train a rose-vine along my window-casement. I want to hear the catbird gossip and scold among the briars—the bobolink singing in the fields. Let me see the plants I love all a-sparkle with the morning dew. Let me watch their shadows creeping out of green places into the dusty white strip of the garden walk. If the dandelions do not turn from me, if the bees do not despise me, nor the spring fail me, I shall be happy always.

Why should one ask for more than the spring gives? How shall one enjoy *all* the sweets of summer, with its "woven raiment of nights and days?" Where is to be found the mortal greed which autumn cannot glut? How shall a lover of beauty live through a whole winter and still be unrequited?

I have watched the mother-bird build her nest. My faith never needed any other miracle after that; nor a sermon on duty; nor any other commandment to love. The bird taught me a lesson that no word of man could teach. Men often act through ulterior motives; birds never. I see that the bird translated the symbols of wind and flowers into *song*, and the song into *act*. I see that the bird knows why trees are bathed in sweet hours; I know that the mother-bird building her nest felt the sun's grace as it kissed the glad leaves; and that she knew the secret of the flowers'

lips, open to sturdy little bees, better than I.

A day's stroll in the country—how good it is! What revelations; what joys uncovered! How the delicious moments succeed one another! He who has two good legs supporting a frank temperament has all that he needs to win boundless happiness from the open fields. The impersonal estate spreads itself out limitlessly.

I start out in the cool dawn as the waking birds begin to call from bush and tree. Dew bedecks the grasses and green leaves. The air is fresh. I have difficulty to restrain myself from running. A shout rises up in my throat; I am of the "wings and locks of the wind." The yellow road winds through fields and wood, and crosses waterways by quaint bridges. Along the road on either side are confidential bushes and leaning weeds, sad as a violet wept upon. I pass a stolid farmhouse; a dog

comes out to bark, and stops to caress my hand. I see a little boy already in a field of young corn to frighten the predatory blackbirds away from their breakfast of tender shoots. I see the blackbirds descend from tall poplars and spreading lindens—but they do not seem afraid of the boy and, really, the boy has no wish to arouse fear within their quick-pulsing little hearts. In exchange for the boy's friendliness the birds tell him many secrets unknown to grown-up folk. The secrets of wild bird-life are more precious to the boy than a few spears of young corn. No one else seems to care much for blackbirds or crows; but the boy cares, and they pay and repay him a thousand fold. Soon the boy returns to the house for his morning meal of fried bacon with eggs, buckwheat pancakes with molasses or honey and butter, browned potatoes, and milk still warm from generous udders. Now the

cattle are driven to the pasture; the teams are brought forth and harnessed while the horses are still munching. The machinery of the farm is in motion. Husbandry's day has begun.

I stop beside a brook running under an old bridge, to stay awhile. The water is limpid crystal; minnows dart out of recesses and play in shallow places. The silverbugs skim over the surface. The dragon-fly rests on a drooping branch. Birds are busy in the over-hanging boughs. The brook sings merrily over the smooth pebbles, and rests here and there in little dark pools which reflect the blue of the sky.

"A little murmur in mine ear,
A little ripple at my feet."

It is nearing noon. Cattle come to drink. Two boys are swimming in the "deep hole" of local renown, screened by willows. The farmhands are going for their noonday meal and, afterward, for an

hour's rest under some apple trees, while the horses eat.

I sit down under an old elm beside the little creek to rest and eat the lunch which I have carried in my pocket since morning. I am friendly with the old elm. It tells me of many a hoary winter's burden borne upon its graceful boughs. It tells me of the frost's jewels which it has worn, resplendent in the light of moon and stars. It tells me of all the soft, white mantles of snow which for a hundred winters have clung to its uplifted arms. It recounts the long, warm nights in June when, year after year, the same mother-bird nested among its leaves. It gossips with me of the Sun's kisses; and it whispers the joy of its swaying branches when the winds blow. It sighs to me of the happy children who have played in summer beneath its shade—some of them are sleeping now in the little graveyard beside yonder church;

others have grown to man's estate, and have moved away from the influence of the elm.

The old tree tells me much that is good, and touches all its reminiscences with just a tone of pathos. Yes, the elm is my friend, for it honors my estate. I take great pride in the tree. It teaches me a wise philosophy, and therefore a rare one. It is patient, content. It is happy to be itself: just a splendid tree. It has no desire to be a milked cow, or an enslaved horse, or a nervous man. It is not humbugged by appearances of superiority. Man is the only living thing forever striving to be what he is not and cannot be; that is to say, *somebody else.* No, no!

I love the elm. It is not noisy in its grief; it is not boisterous in its joy. It has excellent manners. It is never restless. It never becomes insane through self-pollution. It never makes itself offensive

and dangerous by thrashing about in an attack of hysterics, or epilepsy—the disease of genius. Its character is dignified without being heavy and stupid. Every tree and every bush and every weed and flower and blade of grass has likewise its own personality. All have some things in common, and each has characteristics peculiar and personal. All have their moods under the changing influence of the seasons. All have their times for love-making, their periods of reproducing, their joys and sorrows. Each one has its own tales to tell—and such tales! Each one patiently waits to give me its confidence, its life-history, its genealogy, its story. Not a single one of all the host has learned to lie. These beings were not born for deceit. They may be discreetly silent, if you please, but they are never conscious tricksters. Each does the best it can with the light it gets from the Sun, and the food and drink it gets from the soil,

and then it stands resigned—but it is not hopeless. Having known the light of stars, the caresses of the Sun, the motion of the wind, the clasp of earth and the cool moisture of the earth, it is not hopeless, and could not be.

> Blow, O Wind! and smite my head!
> Bite my cheek and freeze my tears!
> Summer's roses white and red,
> Lilies pale, and blooming spheres
> Of pink-top clover—violets too—
> Shall dwell with me because of you.

You are blessed, you who love flowers; your opportunity for pleasure is nothing short of the marvellous—since by loving them you are enabled to enter into their confidences, to penetrate their formal etiquette, to lift the fragrant veil covering their emotions, to see behind their hues, to enter into intimacy with their souls.

The love-making of the Herminium: Is the human method more beautiful, more complete, or better adapted for

that divine consummation? If you look for harmony in the nature of living beings you scarcely need look farther than the flowers of your acquaintance. Ah, if man have soul, so have the flowers. Think you that the orchids have no thought of the bee? With what demure design do some orchids wet the wings of insects so that perforce they must linger where the linings are soft with velvet meaning; how well it is contrived that the insect must leave the flower by one channel, whereas it was permitted to enter only by another. Tell me, how did the flowers learn to surprise the bees? Where did plants get the cunning ingenuity which makes of a sturdy robber bee the messenger of love between frail blossoms?

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

I often think that we make a mistake

in looking at all things from our own special view-point of being—in other words, *our* senses. A tree, for instance, has a message for man, I doubt not—a message which is perfectly clear to one who has sufficient elementary education to read it, and soul enough to comprehend it. So far as I know to the contrary, a tree may bear one kind of message for man and a message of a different sort for another tree. However that may be, where is there a doubter bold enough to deny that if anything on earth bears a message to man it is a flower?

I long have said, and say again
That men may murder more than men;

That he who plucks a tiny flower
Slays a soul with brutal power;

And slays as only wantons slay
These happy sprites of sun and clay;

Indicts his soul of crime, I think,
And cruelty from which I shrink.

I have no will to harm the things
That know love's gentle murmurings.

For they have *life*, and love to live—
I want not what I cannot give.

As for me, I love all these sunny relatives and friends. I shall never be wholly unhappy so long as a tree spreads its branches to the sun and air—so long as flowers bloom, or one green thing grows on my impersonal estate.

Wherever grows a blade of grass,
  Or smiles a flowery face—
'Tis there that loving Angels pass,
  For 'tis a holy place.

I long have traveled wide and far—
  From land of palm to birch—
In every sky saw Bethlehem's star;
  In every place a church.

And my religion all may find
  On every sea and shore:
The simple art of being kind—
  And that, and nothing more.

Having finished my luncheon, I wade in the little creek. The cool water feels good to my feet. It brings me tidings from far-off springs up among the hills. It sings of the mosses whose arms held it when it was only a tiny rill. It reminds me of the smooth pebbles over which it has sported for many a turning, curving, rhythmic league. It inundates me with its memory of dark banks of loam woven through and through with roots, against which speckled trout lie, far back in the wood. It sings of the cool shadows; and it holds in its bosom the deep sky by day and the dear stars by night. It sings of the daisied fields it has kissed, of green banks enriched with the dandelion's gold, of shady banks where violets grow. Thus the little creek goes on singing, doing good everywhere along its musical course to the great sea. It gives to parched lips the draught of life. It slyly reaches out through the

soil to wet the roots of thirsty plants. It does its good deeds with becoming modesty. What has it not said to whispering lovers? On, on it goes, here spreading itself out into meadow mirrors into which country Psyches gaze, there falling and tumbling in laughter down rocky places and turning with its laughter the wondrous machinery invented by man. Now it creeps lazily through the lowlands, or it weaves over sharp rocks the misty lace called falls. It knows no distinction amongst the many tribes and individuals who receive its blessings. It is just as cool to the lips of the blackest slave as to the lips of the fairest queen. It is as generous to the wild deer as it is to the domestic cow. It gives alike to the rich and poor. At twilight it croons beside the cottage door the same soft lullabies that it sings in the thronged park of a great city or through the enclosed grounds of a selfish lord. It mingles freely with

all its kin, and grows ever greater toward the sea. It was man's first trail in the wilderness. It unites with other streams to bear the burden of his great ships.

Ah, the springs and rills and creeks and rivers! They belong to me, and as much to every man. These streams parallel human morals. They give birth to poems. They are necessary to art. They quicken the dead and sustain the living. They purify the flesh and they sweeten the soul.

I know of nothing more romantic than that rythmic, laughing little law which insists on marrying every dreamy country village to a stream. The music of the village bells and the limpid notes of the brook—how tunefully matched are they! How poor Stratford would be without the Avon! How sad I should feel for some little cluster of thatched roofs in Normandy if it had no winding brook that it could call its own. In Italy I am always

sorry when I find red tiles and yellow stones bordering a sole street with no stream hardby.

I follow my little creek and notice the pebbles along the shore. How soft they seem under the ripples; how various in shape. They tell me the old, old tale of attrition. They unfold the early day of earth's rocks. They tell me of the mighty changes that have come gradually since first they were torn from the parent rock. They speak to me in a kind of monotone: *levelling, levelling, levelling:* the mountains slowly changing into sand dunes: the crumbling of the "everlasting hills:" the epic poem of time.

A little farther along I stop to gaze upon some graceful ferns growing from a soft bank of loam in a shady place. Ah, the ferns! How many forms the great Artist made from his first single design. How was it that so much grace came into living green stems and slender leaves?

Ferns along a forest stream seem to live merely for beauty's sake. They show, plainly enough for me, how indispensable beauty is to natural law. They show very clearly that beauty holds infinite grace from all the powers that be. Beauty takes a little green, combines it with a simple plan, and works a miracle from which spring a thousand varieties and myriad forms.

I walk on, crossing a field of clover where the bees hum and all the air is sweet. The clover fascinates me. Nothing else appeals to me just as clover does. I love to lie in it—to mingle my feelings with the round-edged leaves and pink blossoms. I roll in it and make revel. I study clover-leaves closely, affectionately. The green of clover is to me the most perfect of all greens; the pink of clover to me is the most delicate of all pinks; and there is something in the very name, *clover*, that I like.

* "A wonderful thing is clover! It means honey and cream—that is to say, industry and contentment—that is to say, the happy bees in perfumed fields, and at the cottage gate 'bos' the bountiful serenely chewing satisfaction's cud, in that blessed twilight pause that like a benediction falls between all toil and sleep.

"This clover makes me dream of happy hours; of childhood's rosy cheeks; of dimpled babes; of wholesome, loving wives; of honest men; of springs and brooks and violets and all there is of stainless joy in peaceful human life.

"A wonderful word is 'clover'! Drop the 'c', and you have the happiest of mankind. Drop the 'r' and 'c', and you have left the only thing that makes a heaven of this dull and barren earth. Drop the 'r', and there remains a warm, deceitful bud that sweetens breath and keeps the peace in countless homes whose masters frequent clubs. After all Bottom was right:

"'Good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.'"

I wade through the clover as though it were a perfumed lake. I search through it for the tiny habitations of lovers and workers—tenants, shall I say, of my estate? No, for rather are they joint

* Ingersoll in a letter to the Clover Club.

owners with me as I am with you and as you are with everything else that breathes. These little denizens of the clover field are my country cousins of whom I am proud. No matter whether it be a field-mouse or a daisy—we are yet "fellow mortals." I acknowledge them as my kin, and am happy because they do not deny me.

I pass on through the country leisurely, happily, gratefully, proudly and contentedly. Everything has a report to make; everything rises up to catch my eye and arrest my attention. Nothing complains; nothing slanders its neighbor; nothing is envious of my lot; nothing escapes me. Everything speaks well of everything else. All things join in the chant of content:

> Green grow, green grow
> Clover fields and corn in row;
> Swaying boughs and laughing brook,
> Tiny moss in crannied nook,

Dandelions, violets—
Bird-songs in triolets;
Leafy ways and sunny days;—
In blooming sweets the bee strays—
Grazing cows and fragrant mows—
Working hoes and shining plows—
Hay-rakes and cane-brakes—
Blue skies and forest lakes!
Green grow, green grow
Clover fields and corn in row.

My Soul is clad like summer. How like a flower it is—surrounded by such a wilderness of flowers. I walk between the spent roses of May and the pink buds of June. I fill my lungs with the sweet breath of the fields. The brooks, the birds and bees, the waving grass, the leaves of oak and willow, the vines creeping over old hedges, the blue sky, the white clouds, the green spears of young corn all melt into life which flows through my veins. The strong spirit of the soil has mounted to the leaves and leapt upon the air. The motive of summer is clear to my soul. The joyous sap, the life in

the air, the drift in the wind, the life in the grass, the breathing leaves—all these tell me why summer comes and why winter is necessary.

Summer is natural religion in happy celebration. Winter is frozen faith. Summer is a glad hope realized.

I have looked on the speckled egg, at the mute seed, on the pulseless clod, lo! here are singing birds, bursting buds, shooting plants, wings, *wings* everywhere; perfumed zephyrs, mysterious symbols of gladsomeness, expressed and impersonal hope.

I see in every leaf a sign, in every grass-blade a token, in every flower a poem made for the soul. Summer is a magic mirror wherefrom we catch the happy reflex of winter's woe. Summer is the song of earth's *ideal* rising heavenward. How more than peace is the passage of summer days! How amorous all the roses are! Oh, give me time and love!

there is no lack of sin;—and when I die I pray my ashes may repose where silver moonlight falls on dewy leaves, amid love-wearied flowers when the lute is silent as the smitten thistle's down; and where the only grievous thing is the sigh of summer sorrowing for her spoilt gold.

The forest is as moody as mighty genius is when pregnant with new thought. Sometimes it is all exuberance—it chants by day the charms of exultant life—by night it croons snatches of nature-lore which become in time folk-lore wherein we find the matchless lullabies and cradle-songs of our race.

Again the forest is silent. An ominous enchantment has hushed all the leaves—the trees stand as expectant children who hear faint noises in the night. And again the woods are boisterous. In the deep glades there is an audible presence—there are calls and answers, furtive gestures and half-stifled moans. Some

strange secret moves the leaves, and a magic plays behind the tinted veil of air and distance. A thunder-mood is pent up within the deep woods' heart—it palpitates in the copse—it penetrates the thicket—it utters the bass note in the glade, and plays all the high notes upon the branches. It is evident, palpable, sonorous and secret. The wind is full of phantom-sounds.

I wander on and on. I am beginning to feel that delicious weariness which follows wholesome effort out in the open world. I arrive at a friend's house high up on a hill on Hudson's bank. I refresh myself, and go out on the broad veranda to rest and to enjoy myself anew. The landscape is calling to me with a thousand tongues. I watch the differing shades of green falling away in undulations and grays. How beautiful is the world! All that I see is mine: the mountains over yonder, the sky, the wood, the river in

the distance—all mine. Not mine to destroy—to cut down the trees. I cannot do that any more than I can drain the river, tear the clouds from the sky, or disperse the hills. All that is as much beyond my power as it is beyond my *right* to destroy so much as a flower, or the home of a mouse, or to take the life of the grasshopper that I see enjoying himself out there on the lawn. All is mine, nevertheless—absolutely mine in the highest, holiest, noblest sense. Mine to enjoy; mine to look at whenever I choose. *Mine!* but nonetheless *yours*, and alike everyone's.

Look at the veil of blue softening the far hills; see how the gray mingles with the blue as the hills recede; watch the changing contrasts; notice the values, the tones and shades of color and the colors themselves. Is this a small estate? See the butterflies; see the flowers, the yellow-green grass of the sloping field,

the heart-shaped leaves of the lilacs, the leaning hollyhocks and drooping lilies, the feathery pine arrows, the shadows among the trees! and besides, there are voices of happy insects in the grass. A squirrel scampers across the lawn; a bird pierces the air like a winged arrow across the sky. See the deep recesses in the greenery all about! See the old oak standing against the clouds! Vines twine the porch-railing at my knees as I sip a cup of fragrant tea and smoke some rum-seasoned Perique.

Over and beyond the treetops, half-hidden, are the gabled homes of men. Children's voices rise up from the water-front like confused spirits drunk with glee; and far away in the distance are the silver-gray waters of Hudson.

Are these things meaningless; have they no symbolic verification in life to living souls; have they no counterparts in the moral world—no parallels in feel-

ing? *Symbolism* and *Nature!* how shall one exist without the other?

Ah, yes! the religion of beauty springs from the impersonal estate; and the impersonal estate teaches freedom—it makes man free; his property accompanies him whither-so-ever he goeth. He has no fences to build—no signs to erect, inscribed: "Private Property," "No Trespassing on these Premises," "Keep off the Grass," and the like. He has no wardens to pay and none to watch. He is not a slave to some miserly fenced-in corner of the world. He is not tied to a spot like a goose to a cabbage-stalk. On the contrary, he is rich and free—free as the birds are. He can breathe the fresh air. All the beauties of earth become part of him, and he a part of them. This is the Nirvana of existence for you! It is always around you; you are always part of it. *Possession* no longer means *selfishness;* ownership no longer enslaves;

power to do good increases; power to do harm disappears. The only valid power is the power to do good; the only just force is the expression of this power—all other kinds are petty or diabolical tyranny.

Now *Mercy* penetrates all the being; *Charity* quickens the heart, *Sympathy* warms it. Giving enriches the giver. Extravagance of the heart comes to be an economy of the soul. Gentleness is strength. Patience is the power of greatness. Right understanding is a form of beauty-worship. Vanity, greed, lust, hatred, malice, envy, spite, revenge and calumny—these are the imps of darkness; these are the demons that devour—that sow the seeds of fear in the heart of man. These things within us are the wolves in the wilds of the Impersonal Estate. These are also the poisons which breed tribal hatreds—that make men vain, impertinent, intemperate, cruel and foolish. These are the wages of sin which is death.

CHILDREN

CHILDREN

THE CHILDREN

Do you love me, little children?
  O sweet blossoms that are curled
(Life's tender morning-glories)
  Round the casement of the world?
Do your hearts climb up toward me
  As my own heart bends to you,
In the beauty of your dawning
  And the brightness of your dew?

When the fragrance of your faces,
  And the rhythm of your feet,
And the incense of your voices
  Transform the sullen street,
Do you see my soul move softly
  Forever where you move,
With an eye of benediction
  And a guardian hand of love!

O my darlings! I am with you
  In your troubles, in your play,
In your sobbing and your singing,
  In your dark and in your day.

The Children

In the chambers where you nestle,
  In the hovels where you lie,
In the sunlight where you blossom
  And the blackness where you die.

Can you tell me, little children,
  Why it is I love you so?
Why I'm weary with the burdens
  Of my sad and weary woe?
Do the myrtle and the aloes
  Spring blithely from one tree?
Yet I love you, O my darlings!
  Have you any flowers for me?

I have trodden all the spaces
  Of my solemn years alone,
And have never felt the cooing
  Of a babe's breath near my own;
But with more than father's passion,
  And with more than mother's pain,
I have loved you, little children—
  Do you love me back again?

—*Richard Realf.*

HE who loves children is wise; for in childhood lies a precious part of the impersonal estate. In children we live again and again on earth; through them we catch glimpses

of eternity; they are the human flowers; they bring us reports from the olden days; they are the torchbearers who perpetually light our paths with love. They are the links which unite the life symbolic with the every-day-life of dust and toil, of day and night.

Children belong entirely to the impersonal estate. They are mine, yours and the world's. Think not that parents own their babes. Parents are merely agents provided for the care of babes. On these agents rest obligations as sacred as they are awful—responsibilities as burdensome as they are dear and sweet. Infants are something more than toys with which to amuse us. They are somewhat more precious than accidents; they are not necessary evils to be tolerated. On the contrary, they are impersonated symbols. They are living, breathing, laughing, crying, dimpled *rights*. They are the incarnations of love. They are

expressed hopes. They are inscrutable strangers. They are complex personalities of desire. They are flowering flesh-poems of weakness; and yet they are strong enough to dominate the heart of mankind. They enrich the soul and astound the intellect of adults. They are the mysterious little beings which rule this world of ours.

I know what the ontogonists say of them. I have accompanied the wise phylogonists back along the trail of ancestral courses—back, back through all the weird landscapes of Biology—back through the watery world, and beyond—even into the fiery mists of the young earth. Nevertheless, my soul is astonished at the birth of a babe, which is a mystery to me. Its first feeble wail startles me—a sound not less terrible than the last inarticulate rattle suddenly piercing the darkness of night from the throat of the dying.

For the life of me I cannot understand *ennui*, surrounded as we are, by the miracles of birth and the mysteries of death.. Childhood blossoms about our feet all over the earth; it twines around the casement of the world; it makes of the home a sanctuary, and it adds holiness to love; it is the sweetest element in our vulgar religions. The cradle is the rock upon which our institutions rest; it is the fount of hope, and the birth-place of despair; it suspires mist-banks of melancholy along our horizon, and sows poverty sometimes within the soul. Strange paradox, this!

A child climbs on my knee and asks for the moon. I am perplexed, naturally—but I am mightily flattered. If I am ever vain it is when a child smiles into my eyes. If it brings to me the gift of a marble, I am proud of my wealth. Any child can make me purse-proud with its meanest and poorest toy. If it kisses me

my soul thrills with supreme ecstasy. If it takes me by the hand, it purges my flesh of sin—for the rest of the day that hand can do no wrong—for the rest of the day that hand is strong to strike for righteousness, strong to defend the weak; my hand can make no mistake all that holy day on which it was touched by the dimpled hands of a confiding babe. If a child's arms encircle my neck, I would bare it to the axe in defense of innocence; but if a child frowns upon me, or turns away from my approach, I am crushed; for then I know that somewhere in my heart lurks a monster; and I am ashamed to look into the eyes of mothers; then is the light of day hateful, and the blackness of night is not deep enough to hide my soul's shame.

So I say, O little children, suffer men to come unto you and forbid them not, for of such is beauty and purity of soul; of such is the power and glory of tenderness

on earth; of such is the sweetness of living, of memories after life, and of such is the light and the love and the wisdom of the gods.

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy, for from within were heard
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with his native sea.
—*Wordsworth.*

Thus is the impersonal estate limitless as all the dreams and joys of childhood; thus is it infinite as innocence, sweetness and purity. So long as children come into the world; so long as motherhood clasps to its breast the flower-like lips of a babe, happiness shall not depart from me.

"LIFE *

"Born of love and hope, of ecstasy and pain, of agony and fear, of tears and joy—dowered with the wealth of two united hearts—held in happy arms, with lips upon life's drifted font, blue-veined and fair, where perfect peace finds perfect form—rocked by willing feet and wooed to shadowy shores of sleep by siren mother singing soft and low—looking with wonder's wide and startled eyes at common things of life and day—taught by want and wish and contact with the things that touch the dimpled flesh of babes—lured by light and flame and charmed by color's wondrous robes—learning the use of hands and feet, and by the love of mimicry beguiled to utter speech—releasing prisoned thoughts from crabbed and curious marks on soiled and tattered leaves—puzzling the brain with crooked numbers and their changing, tangled worth—and so through years of alternating day and night, until the captive grows familiar with the chains and walls and limitations of a life.

"And time runs on in sun and shade until the one of all the world is wooed and won, and all the lore of love is taught and learned again. Again a home is built with the fair chamber wherein faint dreams, like cool and shadowy vales, divide the billowed hours of love. Again the miracle of

* Robert G. Ingersoll.

birth—the pain and joy, the kiss of welcome and the cradle-song drowning the drowsy prattle of a babe.

"And then the sense of obligation and of wrong—pity for those who toil and weep—tears for the imprisoned and despised—love for the generous dead, and in the heart the rapture of a high resolve.

"And then ambition, with its lust of pelf and place and power, longing to put upon its breast distinction's worthless badge. Then keener thoughts of men, and eyes that see behind the smiling mask of craft—flattered no more by the obsequious cringe of gain and greed—knowing the uselessness of hoarded gold—of honor bought from those who charge the usury of self-respect—of power that only bends a coward's knees and forces from the lips of fear the lies of praise. Knowing at last the unstudied gesture of esteem, the reverent eyes made rich with honest thought, and holding high above all other things—high as hope's great throbbing star above the darkness of the dead—the love of wife and child and friend.

"Then locks of gray, and growing love of other days and half-remembered things—holding the withered hands of those who first held his, while over dim and loving eyes death softly presses down the lids of rest.

"And so, locking in vows his children's hands and crossing others on the breasts of peace, with

daughters' babes upon his knees, the white hair mingling with the gold, he journeys on from day to day to that horizon where the dusk is waiting for the night. At last sitting by the holy hearth of home as evenings' embers change from red to gray, he falls asleep within the arms of her he worshipped and adored, feeling upon his pallid lips love's last and holiest kiss."

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF CHARLES LOUNSBURY

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF CHARLES LOUNSBURY

I KNOW nothing personal of Charles Lounsbury. I only know that he died in Illinois and left a legacy to all the world; but I imagine that his eyes were as blue as heaven is at the time of June, and that his soul was as sweet as apple blossoms are to childhood on a fair morning. What his habits were are of no importance. I am glad that the tragedies of his life are veiled from me; but I should be poorer if I had never read his will. In this remarkable document he distributes his "interest in the world" to succeeding men. That part of his interest "known in law and recognized in the volumes bound with sheep-skin" as his property, he tells us, is "inconsider-

able and of no account," but all else in the world he devises and bequeaths as follows:

"Item: I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly and generously, as the needs of their children may require.

"Item: I leave to children, inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every, the flowers of the fields and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely, according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees. And I leave to the children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the moon and the train of the milky way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to sweethearts.

"Item: I devise to boys, jointly, all the useful idle fields and commons where ball may be played; all pleasant waters where one may swim; all snow-clad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when

grim winter comes, one may skate; to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof; the woods and their appurtenances; the squirrels and birds, and echoes and strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without any incumbrance of care.

"Item: To sweethearts I devise their imaginary world with whatever they may need; as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music and aught else they may desire to figure to each other, the lastingness and beauty of their love.

"Item: To young men, jointly, I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness and an undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude, I give to them the power to make lasting friendships, and of possessing companions; and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses to sing with lusty voices.

"Item: And to those who are no longer children, or youths, or lovers, I leave memory, and I bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of

Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live over the old days again freely and fully without tithe or diminution.

"Item: To our loved ones with snowy crowns I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep."

DOGS

DOGS

I HAVE seen a few wretches in my day; but I never saw one so utterly lost to decency that he could not be flattered by the friendly attentions of a strange dog. There is a great lesson in that. No matter how superior we try to seem to be, a small voice within us will not let us wholly forget what humbugs we are. In the presence of our own kind we are brazen. The calm gaze of a child sometimes shakes our self-confidence; the knowing look of a dog *shatters* it.

There is somewhat in brute-psychology that perplexes the intellect of man and disorganizes his intuition. Man is so made that what he cannot understand exercises greater influence over him than that which he can. In the presence of

many phenomena he reveals himself openly and quite unconsciously. He is then no longer master of the fortifications of his soul. He drops his mask: his grotesque outer garb; his brazen shield falls to the ground, and he either cowardly retreats or succumbs without resistance.

There is some hope for the man who is capable of feeling ashamed in the presence of a respectable dog. That man has avenues open to him for advancement. His soul is still fit for expansion. His brain is something more than a dried nut. His heart has not turned entirely into a thing of rubber and valves. When a strange dog greets him, he thinks better of himself; unconsciously he reasons: "I am not so bad after all as I might be. You can't fool a dog; and a dog is no hyprocite; therefore, I have good in me which he recognizes." The fellow is a little surprised at himself, and not a little flattered. When a noble dog shows

him marked favor he becomes "stuck up" almost immediately. If several dogs should display great preference and affection for his person he would soon become intolerable to society—quite too vain for association with men. Contrariwise, should dogs bark at him, or perchance should one bite him, he would at once lose face with himself, and would probably get locked up as a victim of hysterical rabies. If he had any pathetic kinfolk at large they would insist upon having the dog put to death.

For my own part, I have learned a great deal from dogs. If I am natural, they set me an example in early childhood. If I am faithful to a friend through good and evil report—in his disgrace and disaster, I cannot deny that a dog revealed this nobility of character to me for the first time in my life. If I have gratitude, I saw it first expressed by a dog. If I have enterprise, dogs did not

neglect my early lessons. If I have initiative, so had my first dog-friend. If I am affectionate, so was he. If I am patient in adversity and without arrogance in affluence, I could not have acquired this poise of mind better from men than from dogs. If I am watchful over weakness entrusted to my care; if I am forgetful of self in guarding my beloved; if I have the courage of my convictions; if I have any heroic instincts, I could have had no better teacher than a dog. Indeed, the love of dogs, their association and example, have filled my life with joy and with moral beauty.

I watch my little Japanese spaniel play with a rubber ball. I see the birth of æsthetics in her fondness for something round and smooth and soft—something easy to set in motion—something pleasing to the touch—to the fancy. That which causes her to rub her neck upon the ball and to try to roll on it is the same thing

which in man causes him to pursue that which is pleasing—the ideal of elusive beauty. When she begs me for a bit of sweets, I see in her deportment epicurean tastes which are already pronounced. I have observed that she has the color-sense, which some artists lack. I have noticed that she has a particular preference for pale blue. Almost every day she shows me that she likes the rustle of silks, and that she is fond of soft, fine fabrics. These and many other traits convince me that she is an accomplished sybarite. When she calls to me in the night from her little basket and begs to share my bed, I understand her perfectly. Her social nature displays itself to me in a thousand ways. When she chases her tail, I know at once whether it is done for my amusement or for her own. When she runs, fast as her little legs will carry her, around and round the room, executing various circles, pivot-turns and ludicrous

gyrations, I interpret her desire to amuse me, and apprehend at a glance the origin of the many clowns in this world, and the birth of the first vaudeville on earth. At sound of the dinner-bell she pricks up her ears, runs first to the door, then back to my feet, and, if I am slow to move, whines. In many ways she expresses complexity of emotion as shown in the sense of duty, promptness of response, sense of time or periodicity, courtesy of the occasion, fidelity to trust, independence, annoyance, sociability, faithful affection and sincere worship. When she begs to sit in my lap, or nestle on my shoulder, I know that she loves me. When she greets me after the separation of an hour or a day, I know the worth of her welcome. I have learned that there is no false note in her friendship. When she barks at an unusual noise, I am assured of her watchful devotion. When she willingly accom-

panies me on, what must seem to her, perilous journeys over dangerous ways, I know that I have her perfect trust. In a word, she assures me each day of her unselfish love, her abiding and constant devotion, her absolute faithfulness. I ask less than this from man; and nothing more could be expected from woman. It is rare good fortune to win it at all from anything. It is very precious to me coming from this little "toy dog," *Yo San.*

I have another dog descended from a proud family of Boston Bull-terriers on one side, and equally respectable Irish-terriers on the other. Of the six persons who ever were and are kind and good to him, he selected me as his special friend. I am very proud of his friendship, and never permit my companions to forget that *Tristram Shandy* loves me best in all the world. I account for his choice largely in his sense of gratitude. When a very young puppy he had been roughly

handled by the thoughtless children of those who cared for the kennel. At his advent in his new home I chanced to be the first to hold him in my arms. I lavished tenderness and sympathy upon him, and exercised watchful care over him. He never forgot it. His devotion to me from that day until this has been pathetic in its refinement and intensity. When we walk out together he runs along on top of the gabled coping of the park wall to amuse me and to win my admiration. If we go to the river-front, he cheerfully dives off piers for my entertainment. He has an inborn passion for chasing cats; and yet he exercises decorous self-control in my presence because he knows that I disapprove such reprehensible conduct. This he learned from my manner, which never expressed so much as a harsh tone toward him.

Park rabbits and squirrels he knows as *rabbos;* and for the life of him he cannot

understand why a healthy dog should be restrained from chasing a "rabbo"; and yet a mild word holds him back as effectually as a leash.

When we go to the country he delights in displaying his prowess in my presence. He fetches all sorts of grotesque presents lest my interest in our surroundings flag. He likes to *give* something. If he can find nothing else, he will bring a bit of string to me, or a leaf. He is generous, philosophic and closely observant. He learned to pick and eat berries by watching me. He shares his dinner gladly with little *Yo San* and his comrade, *Kimball O'Hara*, who is of Fox-terrier and Pug ancestry.

Tristram is a wag. His sense of humor developed early. He is fond of playing practical jokes, of which I could enumerate a dozen, at least, of his own invention. He seems always to anticipate my wishes. We play many little games together; and

we both recognize the bonds of a loyal friendship between us which death only can dissolve.

He has revealed many treasures of his instinct to me. Daily he shows some old antic of his forebears, thousands of years ago. He is like an echo from the dim past. He tells me that his kind was wise when my kind was ignorant and dumb; that his kind was faithful when my kind was uncouth in its savagery. He would tell me, if I were wise enough to understand him, why dogs first loved us; why they deserted the habitations of drutes for the homes of men.

Yes, this dog to me is a living symbol of the complex soul. He stands for the mysteries of being. He is a living mark along the trail of progress. He speaks of the past and foretells much of the future. He has discovered unto me vast hidden wealth of my impersonal estate. He has brought to my soul gems without

price and joys without number. He has revealed unto me new longings, new visions, new hopes and a fair faith.

YO SAN

Her little life came into mine
  As larger things absorb the small;
And through the mists and maze of time
  She well holds me her all-in-all.

She nestles close to me at night,
  And plays about my feet by day—
While in her large eyes' wonder-light
  I read what her sweet soul would say.

Her mother-instinct nightly shows
  In kisses on my hand and arm—
And on my rest her spirit throws
  A mantle guarding me from harm.

She brings her little treasure-troves
  For me to hide and watch and keep—
Her spicy breath, as sweet as cloves,
  Falls on my senses soft as sleep.

I know the world holds her to be
  A little dog and nothing more—
And yet my heart holds her to me
  As oceans hold their lips to shore.

I see her soul in wonder strive
  To make my larger soul more wise
With love, as primal virtues thrive,
  And shine in light from her dear eyes.

I cannot bear the thought that we
  By time and space shall suffer loss,
Or severance of this mystery
  Of golden love without its dross.

I cannot think that we could part
  This pleasant comradeship and peace,
And perfect trust of heart to heart,—
  Or that our union e'er could cease.

THE SEA

THE SEA

THE Sea is a strange mother—an incomprehensible mother—a very moody mother. Yet she has never lost her influence over her children, not even over those of the desert who have wandered away from her. She has not relaxed her vigilance over man since she gave him birth. For a very long time he floated lazily around in her currents. After a while he crawled timidly out upon the shore to bask and drowse. Finally, he took to the land altogether; but he found it necessary to carry a goodly amount of sea-water along with him. He has never outgrown this early requirement imposed upon all the children of the Sea. Those of us who do not live in water must carry water around in ourselves. This has come to be such an inveterate habit

with us that we are actually *saturated* with water. Perhaps that is the reason why man never forgot his old mother, the Sea.

Speaking of water in a general way: What a miracle it is! "Pshaw," says the chemist, "water is only H_2O—there is nothing mysterious or miraculous about that, is there?" Very well.

The flesh of man cries for water, and the soul of man yearns for it; our impersonal estate would get on rather poorly without it. For myriads of years man has been impressed with rain storms; and for as long a time he has been refreshed by showers falling so gently that they have given birth to Mercy. Poetry and romance are very like our own bodies in that, if all water were extracted from them, the desiccated remains would be light. So with literature, art, and religious ceremony.

Is it a little thing to give a cup of cold

water to fevered lips? No, for that act symbolizes a good deal more than you think. Do you ever stop long enough, in your little daily circular paths, to ask yourself: What is the most poetic thing in the world (excepting of course a woman's body and a child's soul)? Well, if you do, you will probably conclude that it is a clear spring flowing out of some cool, ferny place over clean pebbles.

A promise pledged; a toast drunken with water! how long have they been sacred? A woodland marriage made beside a flowing stream! how pure as dawn it is! The spirit of water has ever played a large part in Religion and in Imagination. *The conscious water saw its God and blushed.* Pretty play upon words, is it? Yes. Think over it a while. Its truth startles you? Exactly. All great truths are startling as well as paradoxical.

The Sea: how like a live thing she is at

play with the winds! How like a sleeping, purring monster she lies when all the air is still, and the sun goes down in blood, and the moon rises hooded with a halo, and the dawn breaks gloriously with a false promise.

The Sea is motionless; the air is calm; but terror breathes a warning into the ear of the mariner. All at once the air, the sky and earth are filled with soft murmurings, as of wings, or like confused whispers of the unseen. The murmurs increase into noises—whispered confusion into tumult. Beyond the horizon there is an ominous conspiracy. Presently the Sea locks arms with the Gale. The most terrible moment of infinity is approaching. Vast expanse is necessary for its birth; between earth and sky there is scant room for its breath; its soul is solitude. Terrible darkness and tumult—titanic shriek and hoarse thunder of the clouds mingled with the husky voice of the surging sea;

these increase, compound themselves and augment the terror of the sinister moment. Bottomless abysses contribute their gloom; mysterious lights sift through the clouds and into the hollow sides of the waves; chaos yields up her bewilderment—through all pours the infinite laughter of the Sea. There are broken shafts of yellow lightning, sabre-strokes of the wind, ferocity of wave, and ghostly foam. The inexpressible confounds; the unspeakable overwhelms human fortitude. The waters dance hideously; whirlpools encounter one another, and pass on in different ways. Rain falls from heaven and spume rises from the sea. Vague monstrous forms are hurled forward and disappear. Shadow melts into darkness—sound into silence, for the ear no longer hears. Convulsion of the Sea weds convulsion of the sky. The Sea is abandoned to passion. She plays wanton to the clouds. Nothing can restrain her mobile ecstasy

but spent frenzy. Only infinite exhaustion can calm her bosom.

Is this meaningless to man? Hardly. It has stirred his emotions too long for that. The Sea is a profound book—a veritable book of life. The Sea is sensible to all moods and expresses all moods. She reeks with a grandeur which awakens in man ideas of divinity. She is capricious. She sings a thousand epics. She chants to the stars. She responds to the cunning symbols of distant worlds. She is secretive and mysterious. She stands for eternity. As a book, she has passages replete with philosophy. As a mother, she is full of the essence of lullaby. As a monster, she is uncertain, watchful, alluring, cruel, revengeful, awful, hideous. As an infinite chalice, she is filled with tears and is full of color. As a fount, she gives forth life and inspiration. As a gray old poet, she sings a thousand songs in monotone. She is mistress of the dirge.

She speaks with the voice of a god, and smiles with the fascination of an odalisque. She is surcharged with meaning. She is the queen consort of Fate. She is the emblem of unrest and the symbol of content. Infinite diversity is within her bosom and the ultimate monotones of universal deeps rise up from her lips. She stands for fixed law. She is the soul of change—the reservoir of force. In her heart lies infinite charm, infinite composure, infinite stress and purpose, infinite possibility, infinite beauty, infinite rest—infinite impersonal estate.

I walk on the beach. The low dunes lean toward the mad Sea's leap. My soul is moved by

"The immeasurable tremor of all the sea."

I feel

"The pulse of war and passion of wonder,
The heavens that murmur, the sounds that shine,
The stars that sing and the loves that thunder,
The music burning at heart like wine."

PICTURES

PICTURES

I LIKE to see those who can afford to, pay large prices for pictures. Money is always a poor price for art. As soon as our material conditions shift themselves a bit, and become a little better adapted to our needs, artists will no longer paint and carve and hew for a price measured in money. Until then money will have its say, and its voice will be heard through necessity even although it be despised. This is right for the present. We have no need to vex ourselves with scarecrow phrases. There is no such thing as "tainted money;" or if there be, let us remember that art is without morals. There are *tainted* souls, crushed and corrupted hearts, whited sepulchres that walk in gilded halls,

and rotting spirits, entombed in living flesh, which have acquired money unjustly; but they have never succeeded in polluting gold. No one can pollute anything but one's self.

So I say, I like to see big prices paid for pictures; but I am not sorry for those who are too poor to purchase works of the great masters. Everybody is surrounded every day with pictures which have always eluded and always will elude the best painters. The impersonal estate is an inexhaustible gallery of masterpieces impossible of reproduction. These pictures are all the more beautiful because they are living, changing and yet ever reverting to one standard of excellence, lest the soul forget its motif, its measurements and its criticism of "technique."

The thing needful in order that one may possess these pictures is not money, but soul; that is to say, mental attitude.

Without this *sine quâ non*, money is as useless as spectacles to the blind. This indispensable attitude is acquired only with *effort*. Scales must be shed from the eyes. The love of beauty must be won by constant wooing. The observation must be trained. The imagination must be strengthened. The ideal must blossom. The soul must grow strong enough to rise above soiled and dusty trails—strong enough to mount a vantage-point-of-view. An airy phase of animal existence must be developed. We must rise superior to the pig rooting around for truffles. We must arouse the sleeping faculty of selection. We must know how to assemble. We must be capable of eliminating the undesirable. The ugly and repulsive must be omitted from the canvas of the brain. We must recognize the beautiful—the softened lights—the increased depths—the poetry of motion, and of shadow in all its marvellous gradations

and values—the tone of the whole and the pleasing and effective contrasts of the parts. *Seek and ye shall find.* That is the key, the open sesame, the supreme secret, and all that any soul needs to be admitted to the beauteous gardens and wonderful galleries of the impersonal estate. Men have seen glorious pictures through a pin-hole and a key-hole. Think, then, what the free eye offers to the soul out in the open world.

Do not get into a frenzy over a marred landscape. We have societies organized for that very purpose. It is not necessary to pain yourself because an iron trestle spoils some green glen. A little time, a little patience, a little mellowing of years—and lo! the landscape has redeemed itself. Vines climb the trestle and throw living shadows into the cool water below. Birds nest among the vines; blossoms hide the scars, and beauty hovers over all.

Try to remember that landscapes slowly but perpetually change. The main thing is: What does the landscape say to your soul? Does it awaken reminiscences? Does it speak of the happy homes of men? Does it ring with children's laughter? Is it populous with lovers' sighs and dreams? Is it peopled with the symbols of human hopes, desires, habits? Are the traceries of loving labor upon it? Are the shadows deep enough and the lights high enough and the colors soft enough and the atmosphere mellow enough? In a word: How responsive is your brain?

Yonder is a simple stone wall, rough, crude, indistinct with weed and vine. Yet, how universal is the language of that stone wall! The hands that placed it there have long ago been dust; but the wall is holy—a sacred shrine where labor worshiped love. There are stains of tears upon it, marks of sweat and finger-prints

of toil; and over all there floats the loving romance of a hoping heart. Ah, how well these stones have kept each sight and sound, each shade and sun-kissed spot, till countless dancing echoes of husbandry linger round them, and will yet linger in the future longer than human thought can see!

Yes, the impersonal domain is an endless picture gallery. Every moment contributes a touch of beauty. Life is a magic painter never at rest and always content. In one place, red tiles are thrown upon yellow walls. Olive trees and orange groves and clinging vines weave themselves into fairy screens; rugged rocks dressed in gaudy colors climb toward the bluest of blue skies. At the base of the rocks are the irridescent waters of Salerno. How sad that picture must have been before the advent of the red tiles, the yellow walls and the cultivated patches of flowering soil, with

trellised vine here and there over projecting crag and ledge, in earthy nook and cranny of the rough mountain side.

Love redeems every stroke of labor. Time poetizes everything that life has touched. Association glorifies the thatched roof, and makes an old garden beautiful beyond speech.

Blessed be the masters who catch little phases of landscape here and there and fix them on canvas! But if there were no Corots and Lorrains and others, we should still have our landscapes, and the soul would not suffer for lack of beauty anywhere over the world. We should still have *Willows by a River, Dancing Nymphs, Drinking-Troughs, Prairies, Springtimes, River Banks, Forests, Swamps, Storms, Showers, Sowers, Reapers and Gleaners, Farm Yards, Falling Leaves, The Open Field at Daybreak, Sea Ports at Sunset, Laboring Kine, Water Mills, Calms after Storms, Nights, Sunsets, Dawns,*

Summer Evenings, Haymakers, Solitudes, and "deep wet ways by grey old gardens." Children and poets would still find songs and fairy tales in the old gardens; they would still be able to sit amongst the currant bushes and watch the coral clusters lie against the shadow of the green; they could still commune with the hollyhocks and lilies and moss-roses and ramblers whilst watching the humming-birds and bees at work in the very heart of beauty. There would still be the golden-rod and larkspur, hawthorn and honeysuckle and holly, water-lilies and ladyslippers, snow-drops, dahlias and daisies, morning-glories and fringed gentians, violets and carnations, poppies and primroses. If there were no works of the great masters we could still walk as in a dream among these growing things assembled by the loving solicitude of man.

Surely, these live things are more than plants—else we are less. Old gardens are

always filled with treasure. Dreams linger in them and found colonies there. Dead hopes lie entombed in the hearts of the flowers; dead loves lie fallen among the shadows of lilac leaves. Golden moments fled long ago yet seem to flit from blossom to blossom, loath to leave the fairy place. The young housewife has left little verses, shed from her heart, dropped from her finger-tips, there amongst the bushes. The old Grandmother has planted many dear memories there which blossom the round year through. Childhood has left its joys still red upon the rose-leaves. Labor and love and culture and nurturing care have all left their autographs among the plants. In any square yard of an old garden may be found a whole world of beauty and joy, content and peace.

Here is an old orchard. How much it holds besides mere fruit-bearing trees. I see the young thoughts of life in a boy's

head as he busies himself gathering the fruit. I see that the orchard is a perpetual poem; the blossoms in spring foaming the trees; the blue sky above the boughs; the blue violets sown beneath them in the green grass; the birds in the billowed green of the branches which yield a strange kind of fruit—*nests* and *eggs*. Soon the "early harvest" apples appear, some of which are ripe when the first load of hay brushes the leaves on its way to the barn—later the ripened fruit is bending all the limbs as loads of yellow grain drag slowly by. How fine the fruit looks in the mellow light, or when autumn's tears have wet the earth and dimmed the sky and covered with limpid luster the leaf, the grass and the apple. How fresh are autumn's flames when rained upon! How autumn's colors burn in me.

"There are sounds where the soul's delight
takes fire,
Face to face with its own desire."

Who has ever fathomed childhood's thoughts beneath the blossoms of an orchard in spring; or youth's dreams of conquest while plucking the ripened fruit from the trees in the hazy fall-time?

An orchard is particularly fascinating, particularly beautiful, particularly interesting and rich because it is associated with the home and husbandry of man; because all the fancies of childhood cluster in its branches or swarm beneath its boughs; because the hopes of youth are there, strengthened with the spirit of maturer providence—the primitive idea of preparation for winter which precedes only a little way the idea of preparation for all the future—which, in turn, is less than a step from the idea of immortality itself.

Thus there are imperial pictures in landscape—in orchards and gardens and homes of men everywhere on the impersonal estate. Happiness transpires from

trees planted and attended by human hands. In all these things I see a prophecy and a fulfillment and countless holy signs which spell a cabalistic poem of the religion of beauty—a truly religious hymn.

FRIENDSHIP AND BEAUTY

FRIENDSHIP AND BEAUTY

I HAVE never yet known of anybody who was without friends. It is fashionable to *seem* to be cynical in these days. Therefore, to be strictly up-to-date it is the custom to speak of our friends with doubt, both as to their number and as to the quality of their friendship. This is all moonshine. We all have friends, and the most of us have more than we deserve. We all have good friends and true. Not only that, everybody has his partisans. The cynical nonsense to the contrary is misleading and unhealthy. Cynicism is shallow affectation—otherwise it is symptomatic of disease. A healthy person has no right to be cynical—and few have any desire to be. In regard to friendship, we err in the measuring of it by some bigoted or

selfish trait within ourselves. We should remember that friendship, however simple in its beauty, is yet complex in its bearing, and much more impersonal than one would, at first thought, apprehend.

Did you ever stop to inquire seriously what it is that makes a great poem *great?* Very well. It is the same thing that distinguishes any other splendid work of art, whether it be a musical composition, a painting, or a piece of sculpture. That is to say, the *impersonal,* or, if you please, that which is so cunningly personal that it awakens in me and in you the same set of emotions which dominated the artist when he created the work. More than that: the work—if it be truly a work of art—forces us by the power of its impersonal nature to accept it as the most perfect expression of our own thoughts, feelings and aspirations. This is the impersonal in art, and this is the impersonal in friendship.

That a person should refuse to flatter me continually about something of which I am vain is no sign that the person is not my friend. Friendship is not *tyranny*. The earlier in life we recognize this fact, the better for us. Friendship is reciprocity. In a national sense it is co-operation. In an international sense it is progress.

I call at the home of a friend. I see that he is surrounded with elegance. Should I look at his paintings with envy; should I view his costly bric-a-brac and fine furniture with covetousness? If I am partly civilized I do nothing of the kind; for I realize that his treasures of art belong to my impersonal property. He was good enough to collect these beautiful things at great cost. He is generous enough to maintain them in pleasing array. For all this expense and pains he exacts only the right of stewardship. They are mine to look at, to enjoy. Merely for his own pleasure, think you

that he would have made the collection? It is this communion in ownership that makes art valuable, and museums and galleries and architecture possible. Without it the home would have remained utilitarian and ugly; beauty never would have blossomed on the outside of buildings, nor would there have been interior embellishments. The idea of giving pleasure to others, and the conscious *right* to share the general joys of life is the primal motive of all art and of all that is noble in morals. Without this idea, literature could not have been, and beauty at best would have become only a sterile old hag.

When a man erects a beautiful building for his abode it is not selfishness that invites him to expend vast sums on exterior ornamentation. Granting that some men are impelled to do this by their baser instincts, the result is nonetheless commendable. For every man who rears a beautiful structure is a public benefactor.

The huge pyramids intended for tombs have been, really, founts of inspiration. The tomb of Agamemnon passed long ago into the impersonal estate of mankind. The baths of Caracalla, the great Colosseum and the smaller amphitheatres, the beautiful triumphal arches, the magnificant cathedrals, the splendid palaces and villas, the famous columns, towers, shafts, monuments, statues, bridges and public buildings, all have served wider and more glorious purposes than ever were intended by the builders. The Appian Way of the Old World and the great Trunk Lines of the New, the floating palaces we call ships, the electric means of communication, the beaten ways of commerce, the institutions of learning, the libraries, galleries and museums and parks—in a word, everything that labor has touched, transformed and modified, has passed into our impersonal estate, making the world more habitable, better and more beautiful.

The future will surely broaden this impersonal domain. We may count upon that. We live in a very wonderful age; but the future will be more wonderful. We shall see by electricity as we now talk by it; and we shall fly by it as we now skim over the earth by it. We shall have boats so constructed that the greater the speed-power the less will be the water-resistance to the hull. We shall have somewhat like unto magnetic fields enveloping a room or other place with a form of vibration destructive to sound-waves—making it possible to isolate spots of silence even in the heart of a noisy city. We shall create ether-swirls for protection and as means of transportation which shall counteract gravity and diminish time and reduce distance. The clumsy dynamo and electric power-house will go to the rubbish-pile of rejected things. We may, therefore, look forward to the future hopefully and with the

certain faith that nothing can ever diminish man's impersonal estate save the poverty and corruption of his own soul.

And so we find the impersonal estate expanding, whichever way we look. The past enriches and poetizes it. The present links it securely with the ever-increasing contributions of the future. Think of friendship; think of love! Any one of a hundred impersonal elements, so to speak, viewed singly seems overpowering in its blessings. What shall we say of all?

What is more uplifting than venerable traditions which surround ancient monuments? What is more ennobling than dignified and beautiful architecture?

We of today profit by all the past. We are the heirs who have inherited all the beauty and all the glory that have been. Every individual has a birthright which he only need be conscious of in order to possess. The brains that conceived and the hands that reared the splendid

architectural monuments of history labored for us. Every soul that looks with joy upon the "frozen music" of the world owns it. The only real possession is appreciation. Who owns the tomb of Napoleon? Not the poor ashes which repose beneath the dome of *Les Invalides* "sur le bord de la Seine"; not The Government of France; but you and I and every other human being fortunate enough to look upon it, and imaginative enough to interpret its meaning.

The monied men of Manhattan own nothing that is worth while on that Island made rugged with steel and stone. The sky-line seen through gray smoke; the encastled fairy land lighted, as it were, by magic at night, belong alike to all those whose eyes claim ownership and whose hearts expand in wonder. The architecture of the world, like the natural, untouched beauties of sea and shore, belongs to man's impersonal estate.

Did you ever stop to think how much the Church adds to our domain? The Church, in effect, is the impersonal symbol *par excellance.* No matter *what* church! any church is *the* Church. Go into the plain, modest little country church and observe carefully what it stands for. As Newport is the modern Versailles to American Society, so is the little country church the modern Court to country society—the fount of rural etiquette. It is a sanctuary indeed—for marriage trains pass through its bovine portal under the erect spire of basic and primordial symbolism; and funeral processions solemnly enter and pass out again under the hush and spell of death. These things have been going on too long to mean nothing.

Walk through the dimly-lighted aisles of ornate cathedrals when the great pipe organ moans and thrills the air, as the softened light filters through stained

windows. Listen to the chant; observe the ceremony; watch the faces of the devout; and then go out under the vault of blue and tell yourself that what you saw and felt and heard was meaningless.

The stage of transition encompasses many incongruous mutations. One fact examined by itself may seem unreal and strange. Certain adroit moves in a game of chess might seem foolish to a sentient pawn. Long after the Church shall have passed away there shall blossom from its ashes a flower whose beauty could have come from nothing else. So it is with Holy Books. In themselves they are all more or less childish, inaccurate, cruel and grotesque. In their relations to the soul at certain stages of its growth these Holy Books are inspired truth singing ever of beauty.

I see an old Mother sitting at the western window when day is done. She holds the open Bible upon her knees. She

often gazes at the setting sun. The light fails and she turns her eyes steadily toward the West. Beyond the hills the mists gather, and beyond the horizon floats an empurpled sea between the realms of *day* and *night;* and still the old Mother watches the West; and the evening star arises which is to her the symbol of the Resurrection and the Life.

For the moment, I lose all interest in science and doubt; I care nothing for probabilities nor proofs nor facts. The faith of the old Mother is only another word for the two words, *love* and *hope.* Within her heart there is no selfishness. She does not think of creeds; but she thinks of a little grave, and she is conscious of the sighing of pine trees. And there is sad beauty enough in that picture of the old Mother at the western window when the sun has set, and the Evening Star has risen above the solemn pines of a little graveyard, to keep the heart of

a civilized person warm through all the chills of the soul's most wintry weather—and that is enough.

Go to the Opera. Is *Don Juan* without beauty, and the antitheses of beauty which together tell a tale by indirection as old as passion and sin? Go see *The Dusk of the Gods*, and know how heavy is the curse that falls on gold—how strong and beautiful is pure love. See *Les Huguenots*—revel in the music and brilliant orchestration while you pity the childish differences of faith for which men spill one another's blood. See *Mignon*, *Robert le Diable*, *Rigoletto*, and as many others as you can. Remember, too, that comic opera is as necessary to the soul as is all the music of Wagner.

Go to the theatre often. The stage holds up a mimic world to happy millions of our race. Under some magic touch the stage converts the trivial and the common-place into unsuspected interests, joys,

sorrows and mirthful situations. And finally if all these pall on you, go forth into the outer world in the spring and gossip with the birds.

Don't stir little bird, for your wont and your way,
Your rest in the shade or your flight in the day,
Are laws that are stronger to me than are those
Long fashioned by men, who are blind as their blows.

Then stay little bird while you gossip with me
Of wonderful things: of the grass and of tree—
Of light on the leaves—of the shadowy deep
Where brooding thy mate is with birdlings asleep.

And how many bird-babies are there, I pray?
You notice new feathers from day unto day?
And when do you think that their pinions will be
Already for flight from the home-nest and tree?

Then stay little bird while you gossip with me
Of things that we love; of the things that we see
In bowers of leaves, or on grassy green slope,
That love as we love and that hope as we hope.

* * * *

You hold your rights in simple fee
As sacredly as I hold mine;
And if there be a right divine
I only share it, bird, with thee.

"THE SIMPLE LIFE"

"THE SIMPLE LIFE"

MUCH has been said of our complex life and of our simple life. Life is as simple now as it ever was; it has always had its complex phases and its simple aspects. It is our attitude toward life that makes its complexities intolerable or its simplicity sweet.

We make a great mistake in thinking that we can separate the artificial from the natural, or the simple from the complex. We embarrass ourselves with terms. We rivet fetters upon the soul while vainly striving to rend them. Pleasure is no more to be found in barrenness and discomfort than in luxury and ease. It all rests, finally, with the individual himself. The impersonal estate is so wide, so various, so rich, so full of meaning that

each person may select his own sphere of evolution, his own phase of contentment, his own path to glory, his own retreat, his own happiness and his own peace. That which befalls him in spite of his noblest effort is a visitation of Fate which comes to each and all alike. Protest is vain. Strife only bruises; discontent sours; and anger weakens.

One man needs only a few flowers and the stars to make him happy—a modest want, but far from simple. Another requires the looms of the world, the ateliers of the masters, the machines of the inventors, the songs of the poets, the records of peoples, the laboratories of science, the happy combinations of genius and the skill of musicians, the hazards of chance, the diversions of society, and the excitement of movement. So be it. There are charms in the complex as well as in the "simple life." A need is a symbol of power; power is the means of

progress; and progress lulls us into believing that we are approaching our ideals; and this belief adds to our content.

Over and over again I speak of *contentment.* By this I do not mean mental, moral or physical stagnation. Man is born to look upward, metaphorically. This passion, for such it is, is a valuable part of his possession. Content may be likened to the ballast of a ship, or to the balance-wheel of an engine. It steadies; it puts smoothness into the condition of motion that otherwise would be erratic. Contentment is a kind of judgment—it is not unlike gravitation—it suggests the spirit-level. Let contentment, therefore, accompany ambition. Be content to struggle *toward* the ideal. If your progress seems to be too slow, be assured that fret, worry and discontent cannot help it; while on the other hand they make your way more difficult and slower still. Be content to pay the price

of every gain—content to accept the price of loss—content to suffer for an idea—content to fail when the best that could be done is done—content to be one's self; and content to rise to higher things on our dead selves. This is slower but infinitely surer and better than to rise on the crushed hopes of others. This, then, is what I mean by *Contentment.*

Some of us seem to think that there is less of peace, happiness and fraternity today than aforetime. Having taken some pains to read and understand History, I cannot share this opinion. Strife there is and strife there has ever been amongst men; but that the strife grows more bitter, or the causes of it less just, is alike contrary to record, observation and reason. If it were true, goodbye to hope! Project that sort of pessimism logically and you will see that our race must destroy itself in a relatively short period of time. The law of conservation forbids this; the forces

of the moral world would have to annihilate themselves to make such a result possible. Amidst all our strife for so called material gain there is everywhere present and actively at work a moral force of counteraction. Amidst all our complexity of life abides a serene force which tends toward simplicity of soul. Optimism, like unto "hope, travels through, nor quits us when we die." Capability to become better does not forsake man when he becomes wiser. Increased capacity for enjoyment does not decrease the capacity for sorrow or commiseration. The outward welfare of man does not impoverish his internal wellbeing. Where there is lack of harmony between the two conditions, it is a reversion rather than a perversion. If it were otherwise, the soul would grow best in the soil of desolation and filth known as the hermits' retreats.

The soul has its function of nourishment even as the flesh. The nature of man is

broadened and strengthened by the good use he makes of the impersonal estate. The good use which he makes of it depends largely upon his education. I do not mean by *education* his knowledge of Greek roots, however commendable that knowledge is; but rather the education which makes a man better, which raises his ideals, quickens his sense of justice, increases his usefulness to others, clears his perceptions, leavens his ideas, makes him more generous, merciful, tolerant and hopeful. The education of paramount importance to human beings is excellently described by the Reverend Thomas B. Gregory:

"Without saying a word against the intellectual education, which is one of the prime necessities, and without once lifting up my voice against the proper training of the limbs and muscles, I would yet cry out with all the might of my soul for the education which shall not stop until it has fitted men and women to appreciate and love the Manhood and Womanhood which are creation's crowning glory.

"As a result of your education are you rock-ribbed in your devotion to every pure and generous ideal?

"As a result of your education are you sympathetic with every movement that means well for the moral uplift of humanity the world over?

"As a result of your education are you the better prepared to stand up for the weak against the strong, to fight wrong to the death, to go to any length of heroic endeavor for the right that charms your soul?

"As a result of your education have you developed the character which the little children love, which gives you in your community a generally recognized standing for truth and fair dealing, for the moral courage which cannot be scared, for the integrity which cannot be bought with gold?

"As a result of your education are you prepared to look out upon the world in which God has placed you and see in it many things that are better than money, and fame, and power over your fellows?

"Have you learned that better than all these things is the Pure Heart which sees Good; the clean Conscience which gives the Great Peace; the sympathetic Soul which loves everything and by everything is loved?

"If so, then you are educated. Otherwise, though you may have 'all knowledge' you are but an ignoramus."

"The Simple Life"

"The Simple Life" is one of the misleading phrases in current use; and Rousseau is to blame for it. Aside from moral directness which is simple, there is nothing *simple* about life except the little knowledge which too many of us possess of it. Certainly, I have never found anything in it "terribly simple," to use the words of the Reverend Charles Wagner. Life is extremely complex. In its complexity lies man's fullest estate. The manner in which one approaches his inexhaustible fields of treasure is the important thing. If he tries to reach some alluring spot through numerous paths at once he will find his attitude somewhat strained and his strength scattered. But if he chooses one path at a time his course will be tolerably direct, and his attitude may be said to be simple.

If "simplicity is a state of mind," as Mr. Wagner says, it is a hopeless state

of mind: a condition of chronic imbecility. A state of mind worth while is highly complex, acutely in harmony with law, intensely natural and morally sane; precisely the state of mind that will "let a flower be a flower, a swallow a swallow, a rock a rock, a man be a man, and not a fox, a hare, a hog, or a bird of prey: this," properly, "is the sum of the whole matter."

TO A LIBERATED BEETLE

Now go, small thing, to breezes, free
As sun and dew to flower and tree;
And spread your wings in happy air
'Mid living blossoms everywhere.
You have no harm to fear from me—
For I'm a beetle too, may be.
At all events I love to see
My fellow bugs and beings free.
I like to see their legs and wings
As free as any bird that sings.
And I am meek enough to be
As kind to them as God's to me.

REAL WEALTH

REAL WEALTH

THE surest way to accumulate wealth is to lay up a few good deeds every day. Pile up golden thoughts until they reach the sky. Be not grudging of kind words—like the old woman's chickens, they come home to roost; but no matter if they do not. Let loose a thousand impossible hopes every day. The most impossible hope is practical. Intangible dreams are concrete realities. Hard work is only hope exercising its functions. Strong effort is the realization of a dream.

Be extravagant of love—that is the only economy possible to the soul. Make your charity excessive. No one has ever yet been too charitable—not even God. Think how much charity we require, every one of us, every day of our lives!

If you feel poor, go to the moral world for wealth—it holds riches enough to satisfy the most grasping miser who ever lived. Go to the world of art; there are numberless treasures for you! The impersonal estate, as I have said, is infinite. What of the field of science; think you there is no beauty there? How about polite letters and music? What of mathematics, mechanics? What of the work-a-day-world? Think of the joys of health; the delights of the body. Think how good it is to breathe, to laugh, to walk, to run, to swim, to observe. If your "mother tongue" is too poor in beauty, too weakly expressive for your needs, go to other tongues; they will occupy your attention for a considerable time before you shall have exhausted them. Pry into the dead languages; follow their development; chase words across the centuries. Speculate on the origin of language. The most learned

philologists do no more. How mysterious seems the perfection of some of our most ancient tongues. Ask yourself how they acquire this facile play of function previous to all written forms of speech. Determine why language split into the oral and the written forms; and if time still weighs heavily upon you, amuse yourself with orthographic reforms; no amusement could be more harmless, even if a little impudent and foolish.

Study architecture. If you have exhausted the mysteries of the building beaver; if you have fathomed the instinct which produced the bird's nest; if you have unraveled the cunning of the spider, and of other insect-engineers, you might turn to the architecture of the Dolmans. If that is tame and crude, try that of the Mycenæan Age in Greece. Greek architecture alone ought to be sufficient to engage your attention for a few years, at least. Has it a meaning? Has it a so-

called spiritual element? Do you notice aspiration in its design? Does it reflect anything within your own soul? Does it symbolize any element of your desire? Has it some hidden significance? Can you detect signs of growth in its structure and climax of refinement? Is there any phenomenon in the universe more wonderful? What does it tell you of the peoples before it; of influences threading the remote past? Do crystallized ideals scratch nothing on your polished brain? Do you doubt that there resides in the spirit of the epic a cousinly feeling for the spirit of the temple; or that the same thing dwells in the lyric as in the sculptured marble or moulded bronze? Is there nothing in common between architecture and literature?

If you have answered these questions satisfactorily to yourself, you have made a beginning. Then whatever your vocation may chance to be it will suddenly

find a new field of investigation opening before it. No historian is a success who knows nothing of the meaning of architecture. The philologist may profit by it. Without it the mythologist would be a failure, and the sculptor would lose half his cunning. Without architecture the Homeric legends should have perished long ago. The ubiquitous iconoclast shrinks before the ruins of the glory that was Greece. He may attack gods with impunity, but a few pieces of craven stone put him to rout and shame.

Not many of us, I admit, resort to mathematics at recreation-time. If more of us did, the impersonal estate would reveal much beauty otherwise hidden. How many of us think of mathematics as Symbolic Logic? Yet this is one of the greatest discoveries of our time. Classes, functions, variables, and relations; the meaning of magnitude, the range of quantity, the genesis of series, the meaning

of order, of distance, of progressions and correlations—philosophy of the infinite, projective geometry, the dynamics of matter, the definitions of motion, the laws of causality and the doctrine of types—all these mysterious things and much more, may be found in the study of mathematics. Now to understand them, to make them serve human needs, to find beauty and utility in them—there is work for you!

Some men find these subjects difficult enough, entrancing enough to keep them occupied throughout a life time.

Mathematics permits us to touch chords and awaken notes that vibrate throughout infinity. Men have gone mad over the strange powers of the "equation of continuity." What mysterious law does this equation symbolize? Are we not fortunate to know that mathematics and æsthetics are related through a kind of

translation? Pure beauty may yet be found in the theory of groups.

But, you say, mathematics is very tiresome to the most of us. So it is. Let us then turn to physics. The field is large—beautiful. Let us read a chapter by Professor R. K. Duncan. After this who shall deny that poetry inheres in the very precisions of science?

"We believe—we must believe, in this day—that everything in God's universe of world and stars is made of atoms, in quantities x, y or z respectively. Men and women, mice and elephants, the red belts of Jupiter and the rings of Saturn are one and all but ever-shifting, ever-varying, swarms of atoms. Every mechanical work of earth, air, fire and water, every criminal act, every human deed of love or valor: what is it all, pray, but the relation of one swarm of atoms to another?

"Here, for example, is a swarm of atoms, vibrating, scintillant, martial—they call it a soldier—and anon, some thousands of miles away upon the South African veldt, that swarm dissolves, forsooth, because of another little swarm—they call it lead.

"What a phantasmagoric dance it is, this dance

of atoms! And what a task for the Master of the Ceremonies. For mark you the mutabilities of things. These same atoms, maybe, or others like them, come together again, vibrating, clustering, interlocking, combining, and there results a woman, a flower, a blackbird or a locust, as the case may be. But tomorrow again the dance is ended and the atoms are far away; some of them are in the fever germs that broke up the dance, others are 'the green hair of the grave,' and others are blown about the antipodes on the winds of ocean. The mutabilities of things, and likewise the tears of things: for one thing after another,

'Like snow upon the Desert's dusty Face
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone,'

and the eternal, ever-changing dance goes on.

"Now, whether we call atoms God's little servants or the Devil's agents, one thing is sure—that every action of everything, living or dead, within the bourne of time and space, is the action of one swarm of atoms on another, for without them there is but void.

"Consequently, whether we consider the atoms as the starting-place in our search for the One Thing, or whether we think of them only as the foundation of all physical action and being, they are the most important things in the world to us, for they *are* us, physically at least, and any knowl-

edge concerning them or any relation between them has, therefore, to us poor people they condition, an interest that is tragic."

The important thing is to try to get some education. Remember, too, that no man *is* educated; but that the joy of progressing in an educational *direction* is worth any amount of labor. Every step made makes the next step easier and surer. Every step made is better than a dollar laid by.

Build up intellectual resources against the afternoon of life. These resources are everywhere at hand. You have only to make them yours, for they belong equally to all. The only acquisition which is sure of compounding itself is that which is within the reach of every human being. The joy of always getting and of never becoming educated is delightful beyond expression. Weariness never blunts the desire. The appetite for learning never becomes cloyed by accomplish-

ment, but rather whetted. *Ennui* is out of the question entirely. Perfect education like perfect beauty is never quite within human reach, but it leads us to glorious pursuit. The hungry soul is forever feasting yet never appeased. The thirsty spirit is forever drinking of the pure waters, and the thirst is never slaked. We are always nearing the goal but never reaching it. In this there are excitement, humor, exhilaration, growth and supreme ecstasy. The blessing of the impersonal estate is open to all—it is free as the light of heaven. It is the only intoxicant that fulfills its promises.

I have touched here and there lightly upon the impersonal estate in life. Let me say a few words for death. In looking over the tribes of earth and air I find nothing else so symbolic of natural death—that is to say, sweet death—as the beautiful Ephemerids. Along the Marne they swarm for a few hours devoting a short

aërial life to love; and then they welcome death as gladly as they seem in love with life. That is a philosophic and beautiful way to die. To be content to die is an accomplishment. To die content is a matter of chance. Both should be our heritage.

Many of us seem to think that there is no death. Nevertheless we all recognize that pale and dreadful change which overtakes us sooner or later, and, so far as appearances go, strikes everything off on one level. Just what the result of this change is to the individual we do not know; but we are sure of this: no harm befalls the dead. There is no disaster in life so cruel that it is wholly without compensation. It is not reasonable to believe that universal laws are reversed because an individual's conditions change. So far as we can tell, therefore, the impersonal estate bears about the same relations, in degree, to us in death as in life. The relations are altered—consciousness and

memory may change or disappear—but the relations are not destroyed. Where there was organization there is disorganization. Where there was one organism there are many. At the very worst, there is well-earned sleep. At best, perhaps, we change from tangible dreamers to impalpable dreams.

The view-point as between life and death makes such a decided shift that we have never been able to explain the change to our satisfaction. No one, however, should have any doubt as to the wisdom of death or its well-being, or that God is the *mind* of the universe. This faith ought to be as persistent and inflexible as the universal laws are which make it possible and real.

"At the door of life, by the gate of breath,
There are worse things waiting for men than death."

Never mind! in spite of disaster, in the face of doom, in the breath of despair,

in the claws of fate and in the jaws of death, *your own will come to you*, as saith the poem of "Uncle" John Burroughs:

"Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

"I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

"Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

"What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

"The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

"The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me."

In looking over my impersonal estate, how shall I close my eyes to Sorrow? I may as well try to exclude the atmosphere from a landscape. I wonder if it would be wise to exclude Sorrow if I could. What would be left to me if Sorrow were lacking? Very little beauty.

Love, Joy, Sorrow: these are the supreme emotions. They may be likened to the so called "three primary" colors with which Art performs its miracles of beauty. They are moods of existence in which the outward world expresses from an unconscious union of the body and the soul that which is inward of man. This is what we mean by symbolism. This makes Art possible. This endows everything with meaning. *Love, Joy, Sorrow:* without these where should we find that indefinable spirit which exists in a landscape, in a city, in a child, a flower and a star? Without these there could be no

harmony in music, no soul in song—in a word, no spirit in Art.

I find then that Sorrow is indispensable to man's highest estate. I need go no farther than that. Up to this point I may concern myself with *realities.* Beyond this point speculation may proceed indefinitely without enriching my domain. I stop here in the presence of *Infinite Mystery.* The Supreme Shadow of the Beyond chills my Soul. In the presence of the Utterly Unknown I cease to be. The Impersonal Estate swallows me up.

> "*Animula, vagula, blandula*
> *Hospes, comesque corporis*
> *Qua nunc abibis in loca:*
> *Pallidula, rigida, nudula*
> *Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos.*"

Dear little wandering Soul, caressing sprite,
Guest of my flesh, my body's comrade too.
Whither away thy solitary flight—
Thy pallid nakedness chilled through and through—
No more to charm as thou wast wont to do?

I WONDER

O leaves a-scurry high and low
  On Autumn's breath!
You stir my soul, for well I know
  You flee from death.

You roll in billows o'er the ground—
  Like snow flakes sere
Are piled in many a tiny mound
  'Neath branches drear.

I wonder if your spirits clad
  Next spring in green
Shall make my heart as bright and glad
  As you have been?